

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



MAY 2, 1955

25 CENTS

Down to the sea in stripes



A. Piccolino, pick o' the Riviera, dares to be so brief it sets you completely free! Lutese crosswoven with Celisperm. \$3.95

B. See-Worthy Shirt of poplin \$7.95 tops the new Mediterranean Slack, salty poplin with lusty sailmaker stitching. Pockets galore! \$5.95

C. Square-Rigger Shirt—push-up sleeves. \$3.00. Mediterranean Sand and Sea Short. So many pockets, it even has one near the knee! \$5.00

D. Boys' Piccolino Knit Shirt, entirely new look. Sizes 4 to 12, \$1.95; 14 to 20, \$2.50.

E. New Boteau — washable cotton shirt with broad stripes contrasting across mid torso. \$6.95

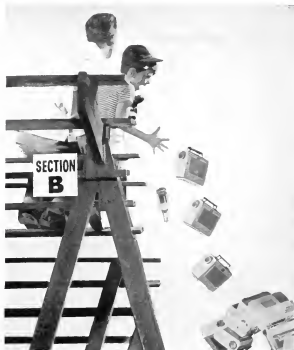
F. The dashing Corsican, styled in Italy. Washable colorfast cotton. \$5.95. Poplin Sandtrapper Short has new Double Entry Pocket. \$5.00

Bands of lusty reds and blues
ride atop these salty poplins...
slacks and Bermudas with molte* pockets
breezy and brisk as the fair winds from Capril

*In our language—"many"

M^CGREGOR*
Sportswear made in U.S.A.

Portables in
non-breakable
"Impac" cases
announced
by RCA Victor



ACTUAL STEREOSCOPIC PHOTO OF "IMPAC" CASE SURVIVING HARD FALL

At last—a portable whose case will never crack, chip, dent or split!

ONLY RCA VICTOR HAS IT—the portable in the amazing "Impac" case—so rugged it's guaranteed for five years in normal use! Accidentally drop it,

and you might jar something loose—but it's easy to fix things like that. The "IMPAC" case itself wouldn't be harmed. Performance? Exceptional!

And the tone alone tells you it's an RCA Victor. So see and hear the unique "portable in the carefree case" this week, at your RCA Victor dealer's.



The Deluxe "Personel." Battery-operated. Two-tone gray "Impac" case. Model 6B85. \$27.95



The 3-way Skyway. Two-tone gray, green or ivory "Impac" case. Model 6B86. \$24.95



The 3-way Sportsman. Two-tone gray or light green "Impac" case. Model 6B88. \$29.95



The 3-way "Personel." Light gray or light green "Impac" case. Model 6B89. \$29.95



The new 3-way "Globe Trotter." Dove gray "Impac" case. Model 6B90. \$49.95

Two real economy buys in polystyrene



The "Personel." Battery-operated. Red or crystal white. Model 6B84. \$24.95



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Four hunts in the world are more exclusive than Spain's Monteria, led by Generalissimo Franco himself. SI's **VERGINIA KRAFT**, who went along, tells how it is, with photographs IN COLOR by **THOMAS McAVOY**

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**COVER:** Relay Runner Tom Courtney

Photograph by **MARK KAUFFMAN**

Carrying the relay baton high, like a trophy, Tom Courtney, a 21-year-old senior at Fordham University and captain and star of Fordham's track team, drives along track at 1954 Penn Relays. A superb runner (he holds the ICAA indoor 1,000-yard record), Courtney has achieved his greatest fame as anchor man of Fordham's two-mile relay team, which holds world record for the event. For color photographs and a word report of the relay season, turn to page 14.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DERBY WEEK IN LOUISVILLE

Another SI preview, with four pages of color photographs of Derby horses, and what to see and where

TENZING: TIGER OF EVEREST—PART III

In which **TENZING NORGAY** for the first time tells his own story of who first stepped on Everest's summit

GALLICO ON CHANNEL BASS

An expert tells of high excitement to be had when these big fish gather in dense schools offshore

RECORD BREAKERS

● Brooklyn Dodgers, powered by hitting of Roy Campanella, Carl Furillo, Duke Snider, pitching of Carl Erskine, Billy Loeb, Ed Roebuck, won 10 straight games before 5-4 loss to New York Giants, set modern major league record for consecutive victories at season's start. Old mark: nine straight, shared by

1918 Giants, 1940 Dodgers, 1944 St. Louis Browns. ● Margaret Edwards, Margaret Grundy and Mortimer and Angela Barnwell, speedy quartet of English schoolgirls, bettered women's world swimming record for 400-yard medley relay by nine seconds, were clocked in 4:34.4 in meet at Wallasey, England.

BASEBALL

Brooklyn Dodgers, breaking fast in National League race, bowled over Philadelphia 5-2, 7-6, 3-2, 14-4, won 10 straight to set modern major league mark for consecutive victories since season's start, then dropped 5-4 thriller to New York Giants when Shortstop Don Zimmer uncorked wild throw, Carl Erskine of Dodgers bested Sal Maglie 3-1 in second game, but Giants came back with two in ninth, six in 10th to take rubber game of series 11-10. Willie Mays came to life against Brooks with great fielding plays, two homers, single in final game.

Milwaukee Braves, two and one-half games behind first-place Dodgers, took three from Chicago Cubs 2-1, 3-2, 9-5, split with St. Louis Cardinals, losing first 2-1, winning second 5-4, Bobby Thomson of Braves won final against Cubs by knocking in five runs on grand-slam, bases-loaded single, won second game against Cards with 12th-inning single.

Cubs bounced back from Braves series by taking three from Cincinnati 6-3, 1-0, 2-1. Warren Hacker, Jim Davis combined for five-hit shutout.

Pittsburgh, losers in eight straight since season began, got off ground with 6-1 win over Phils, thanks to Max Sarkont's pitching, Dale Long's hitting.

Chicago White Sox, American League leaders, beat Detroit Tigers 9-1, sailed into Kansas City, won first two games 5-3, 29-6, dropped third game 5-0 as Alex Kellner became first A's pitcher to pitch full game this year. In 29-6 affair, Bob Niemann hit two of Chicago's seven homers as White Sox tied modern major league scoring mark by one team in one game.

New York Yankees took two of three from Baltimore 6-0, 14-2 on Whitey Ford's three-hit shutout, Bob Turley's win over former mates. Orioles took second game 6-3 as Catcher Hal Smith drove in three. Yankees also took two of three from Boston as Ford, pitching second shutout of week, beat Red Sox 3-0, took second game 7-2 as First Baseman Bill Skowron whacked homer, double, chased in five runs. Bostons' Willard Nixon, who shut out Washington 1-0 earlier in week, came back strong to give Red Sox 1-0 win over Yanks in final game.

Cleveland Indians split with Kansas City 11-9, 7-8, beat Detroit 8-5, but dropped next two to Tigers 3-6, 6-4.

Vic Raschi, 36-year-old right-hander bothered by sore back, unconditionally released by St. Louis. Cards paid Yankees reported \$85,000 for Raschi last year. From 1946 to 1953 Vic won 120, lost 50 for Yanks, had five Series victories, three defeats.

TRACK AND FIELD

Hideo Hamamura, 26-year-old, 124-pound government clerk from Yamaguchi, Japan, elated by good-luck omen of two perpendicular leaves in morning cup of tea, paced himself for first 13 miles of Boston AA marathon, then turned on speed, pulled ahead on Beacon Street, won in meet-record time of 2:18:22—29 seconds less than mark set in 1923 by Keizo Yamada, fellow Japanese. Happy Hamamura, who trained on diet of rice with meat and fish, said he felt at home in rain which pelted field of 160, panted to interpreter: "... It was grand." Eino Pulkkinen of Finland ran second in 26-mile 385-yard grind. Nick Costen, Slippery Rock graduate from Natick, Mass. finished third, but was clocked in 2:19:57, best ever by American.

Wee Santee of Ashland, Kans. bucked strong winds, slopped through muddy track, ran Glenn Cunningham Mile in 4:11.4, his slowest time in months, before 13,000 fans at Lawrence, Kans.

BOXING

Orlando Zulueta, ninth-ranking lightweight from Cuba, kept landing against Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter, 5-1 favorite who kept missing, won nontitle decision at Washington. Before bout, Carter's manager, Willie Ketchum, volunteered: "Carter should win, but you never can tell in this business."

Willie Pastrano, 19-year-old middleweight fancy dan, tied wife's wedding ring to left shoe for luck, had none as judges voted his bruiser with Willie Tray draw, at Chicago.

Gene Poirer, 25-year-old welterweight, won sixth straight by stopping Johnny Buzo with crunching overhand right in third round in Brooklyn.

Milo Savage, swimming Salt Lake City middleweight, brushed off Bobby Boyd's left jabs, punched way to 10-round decision at New York.

Army captured 1955 Inter-Services team title by one point, but Navy sailed off with four individual championships in fistic fests at Oakland, Calif. Navy winners: Gene Tolan, 132-pound; Frank Medley, 139-pound; Larry Barrett, 147-pound; Rudy Sawyer, 156-pound. Army winners: Heiji Shimahukura, 112-pound; Jim Boyd, 178-pound; John Johnson, heavyweight. Air Force winners: Ward Yee, 119-pound; Harry Smith, 125-pound. Marine winner: Richard Hill, 163-pound.

HORSE RACING

Belair Stud's Nashua scored past favored Summer Tan to win \$111,700 Wood Memorial at Jamaica, N.Y. (see page 20).

Determine, Andy Crevolini's game gray

colt, fought off stretch bids by Poona II, Rejected, captured \$50,000 Golden Gate Mile by head, in 1:38, at Albany, Calif.

Sauger, 30-1 longshot, led all way, won \$28,525 first division of Correction Handicap, clocked 1:12 1/5 for six furlongs, at Jamaica, N.Y. Brazen Brat, 3-1 choice, captured \$28,275 second division in 1:12 2/5.

Boston Dope, unbeaten in 10 sprints, will not run in Kentucky Derby. Owner Paul Andoline cited colt's lack of distance experience.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens placed three players on National Hockey League's 1954-55 all-star team: Jean Beliveau, center; Maurice (Rocket) Richard, right wing; Doug Harvey, defense. Others selected by sportscasters and writers in six league cities: Detroit Red Wings' Red Kelly, defense, for fifth straight season; Toronto Maple Leafs' Harry Lumley, goalie.

Frank Boucher, 54, resigned as manager of New York Rangers after 29 years with club, hinted he had been bounced, but publicly regretted suffering fans "have not been rewarded with a winner." Murray (Muzz) Patrick, 40, gave up job as Ranger coach, moved up as manager.

GOLF

Chandler Harper, 41-year-old Portsmouth, Va. pro, made great iron shots, fired 72-hole score of 280, clipped two strokes off tournament record in winning \$17,500 Virginia Beach Open. Dick Mayer of St. Petersburg, Fla., was runner-up with 284.

Betsy Rawls of Spartanburg, S.C. fought off stiff winds, determined bid by Patty Berg, shot 54-hole total of 218, won \$5,000 Carolton Women's Open by three strokes, at Carolton, Ga.

TENNIS

Tony Trabert of Cincinnati, playing possibly best tennis of career, won sixth straight tournament by walloping Vic Seixas, Davis Cup teammate, 6-0, 6-1, 6-4, in one-sided River Oaks final at Houston. Victory was Trabert's seventh consecutive over Seixas. Trabert and Seixas teamed to take doubles title with 6-1, 6-2 triumph over Ham Richardson and Dick Savitt.

POCKET BILLIARDS

Irving Crane of Binghamton, N.Y. held up under pressure, forced Willie Mosconi into final play-off game after week-long tournament, won world pocket billiard championship, 250-87, in 32 innings at Philadelphia. Earlier in tourney, Crane tied world best-game record of two innings in defeating Erwin Ruddolph, 150-64, with runs of 116 and 34.

TABLE TENNIS

Toshiaki Tanaka of Japan whipped Yugoslavia's Zarko Dolinar 21-12, 21-9, 21-14, won men's singles title in world championships at Utrecht, The Netherlands. Romania's Angelica Rozeanu won her sixth straight women's title.

ROWING

Pennsylvania's varsity eight, stroked by Fred Lane, led almost entire Henley distance of mile and five-sixteenths, won Childs Cup by length and three-quarters ahead of Princeton, before merry crowd of 8,000, on Schuylkill. Columbia was third.

Harvard varsity, stroked by Carol F. Zenna Jr., easily outdistanced Syracuse, Boston University and MIT in mile-and-three-quarter haul on Charles River.

HUNT RACING

Christopher M. Green's Ray Giff, seven-year-old gelding piloted by Grover Stevens, made first start of year, covered Worthington Valley course of 18 furlongs and about three miles in 6:11 3/5 (one second off course record), won Grand National point-to-point race by two lengths, before 3,000 fans at Butler, Md.

HANDBALL

Sam Costa, 29-year-old Brooklyn navy warrior, made first appearance in national championship tourney, dethroned Bill Lauro, 21-18, 21-17, as national senior AAU champion, at New Haven, Conn.

SOCCER

John Finesch, substitute center, booted two goals within minute to win national open for New York Eintracht 2-0, deny home-grounds lid of Los Angeles Dances for city's first U.S. title.

MILEPOSTS

BOSCHER—Arnold Sowell, 20, smooth-striding Pitt junior; named Outstanding Athlete of 1955 Indoor Track season, by New York Track Writers Association. Sowell's top performance was tying world indoor record 1,600-yard mark of 2:08.2 in National AAU championships.

ELECTED—Frank G. Mittel, 58, Detroit insurance executive, to presidency of American Bowling Congress, at Fort Wayne, Ind.

DIED—Col. Jim Corbett, 80, Kipling-esque big-game hunter and author, at Nyack, Kenya. Raised in Himalayan hill station, Corbett grew up without fear of "jungle folk," seldom killed except from necessity.

DIED—Leroy E. (Hank) Day, 62, football coach at Washington and Jefferson, 1932-36; after long illness, at Washington, Pa.

DIED—Cameron Beach Waterman, 76, pioneer in invention of outboard motor; at Detroit. Waterman got idea in 1903 when he re-rigged motorcycle engine and put it on rowboat; founded Waterman Marine Motor Company in 1906, but sold out in 1916 for \$20,000. When others attributed invention to late Ole Evinrude, Waterman said: "When the claims began to be made for Ole I was out of business; they didn't hurt me."

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending April 24)

AMERICAN LEAGUE			NATIONAL LEAGUE		
1. Chicago	Detroit	Kansas City	1. Brooklyn	Philadelphia	New York
W 3, L 1	9-1	5-3, 25-6	W 5, L 2	5-2, 7-6	4-5, 3-1
Runs 6-3		0-5	Runs 34-7	3-2, 14-4	10-11
Pct. .667			Pct. .545		
2. Boston	Washington	New York	2. Milwaukee	Chicago	St. Louis
W 2, L 3	1-0, 0-1	0-2, 2-7	W 4, L 1	3-1, 3-2	1-2, 5-4
Runs 3-4		0-0	Runs 7-3	9-5	
Pct. .618			Pct. .769		
3. New York	Baltimore	Brooklyn	3. St. Louis	Cincinnati	Milwaukee
W 1, L 7	4-0, 3-6	3-2, 2-2	W 1, L 2	4-7, 6-5	3-3, 4-5
Runs 7-4	14-2	0-1	Runs 4-6	3-0	
Pct. .626			Pct. .600		
4. Cleveland	Kansas City	Detroit	4. Chicago	Milwaukee	Cincinnati
W 2, L 3	11-6, 7-8	4-5, 0-3	W 3, L 3	1-2, 2-3	4-2, 1-0
Runs 6-5		4-6	Runs 7-5	5-0	3-1
Pct. .545			Pct. .583		
5. Detroit	Chicago	Cleveland	5. Philadelphia	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh
W 2, L 2	1-5	5-1, 3-0	W 2, L 5	2-5, 6-7	3-4, 4-0
Runs 5-5		6-4	Runs 6-6	2-3, 4-14	1-6
Pct. .500			Pct. .500		
6. Washington	Boston	Baltimore	6. New York	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn
W 3, L 3	0-1, 1-0	3-2, 0-3	W 3, L-1	12-3	4-4, 1-3
Runs 5-5		1-2, 3-2	Runs 4-6		11-10
Pct. .500			Pct. .600		
7. Kansas City	Cleveland	Chicago	7. Cincinnati	St. Louis	Chicago
W 2, L 3	5-11, 8-7	3-5, 6-25	W 1, L 5	7-4, 5-6	3-6, 0-1
Runs 3-7		5-0	Runs 7-10	0-3	1-2
Pct. .390			Pct. .267		
8. Baltimore	New York	Washington	8. Pittsburgh	New York	Philadelphia
W 3, L 4	0-6, 6-3	2-3, 3-0	W 1, L 3	3-12	4-5, 0-8
Runs 3-9	2-36	3-1, 2-5	Runs 1-8		6-1
Pct. .250			Pct. .111		
INDIVIDUAL LEADERS			INDIVIDUAL LEADERS		
Batters—Mickey Vernon, Detroit, 452			Batters—Rip Repulse, St. Louis, 396		
Runs scored—Eddie Mathews, Chicago, 68			Runs scored—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, Bobby Thomson, New York, 57		
Home runs—Nolan Ryan, Chicago, 5			Home runs—Carl Feltz, Brooklyn, 6		
Pitching—Walter Ford, New York, 100			Pitching—Carl Erbe, Brooklyn, 3-0		

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

GRAND AMER. Vauxs. Cabl. AAA 50-lap midget oval race, Oklahoma City. Winner—Johnny Boyd, Tucson, Cal.
JAN BEHRA, French, 300-Km. Grand Prix de Bordeaux, 2:24.12. Bordeaux, France.

BOWLING

WINNIEGITA, Big Ten conference tournament, with 2,323 for three times, Columbus, Ohio.
(Knights of Columbus National Tournament, Chicago)
GLEBARDER, Detroit, singles title with 200 for three games.
JERRY OLSEN and NORBERT BARTELS, Milwaukee, doubles title, with 1,245.
STAN WELLES, Chicago, all events title with 3,100.

BOXING

ART BRADON, 7-round TKO over Russ Lovings, welterweight, Los Angeles.
PERCY BASSETT, 10-round TKO over Joseph Benson, lightweight, Paris.
JOHN LINDSON, 5-round TKO over Gene Thompson, heavyweight, Hollywood, Cal.
JOHN LINDSON, 8-round TKO over Phil Moe, middleweight, St. Louis.
RICK LARSEN, 10-round TKO over Willy Jackson, heavyweight, Seattle, Wash.
JOE LINDSAY, 10-round decision over Bob Sellenfeld, heavyweight, Miami, Ranch.
JOE WELLS, 10-round decision over Lefter Bakings, welterweight, St. Louis.
JOHN WILLIAMS, 3-round TKO over Lucien Leaud, heavyweight, Cardiff, Wales.

FIELD TRIALS

CH. DOLEARY'S SPOON, Labrador Retriever Club all-age stake, Southampton, N.Y.
HVALST SPENST, Labrador Retriever Club master all-age stake, Southampton, N.Y.
NIC O-BET'S BLACK CANOY (Labrador retriever), Shetland Islands Retriever Club open all-age stake, Namick Falls, Ire.

GOIF

BUSTER GUFF, West Morris, N.J., Lake Charles invitational tournament on second hole of sudden death play-off, Lake Charles, La.
THEODORA (Peggy) KENNY, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Bunker Lake championship 3-and-1 over Clark Grog, Manchester, Bermuda.

HORSE RACING

SARATOGA, \$20,000 Chesapeake Stakes 1 1/16 m., by 2 lengths, in 1:41 1/5. Lasar, Md. Sals 504-44.
SEA O'ERIN, \$12,350 Ben. Ar. Handicap, 7 1/4 furlongs, by 5 1/2 lengths in 2:17 4/5. Kennelwood Lexington, Ky. Steve Binkley up.

HORSE SHOW

ARLITE HSA, Conference Horse stake and championship, Boulder Brook Club, Schuylkill, N.Y.

RUGBY

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE, over UCLA 15-14 and 12-5. Los Angeles.

SAILING

CRUZEY, skippered by Foster Clark, with 28 pts., Myers Cup, Boston.
GEORGE, skippered by Donald Krenner, with 22 pts., Silver Star spring championships, Nassau.
EDGELIGHT, with 177 pts., Boston Derby Club Cup, New England spring regatta, Medford, Mass.
KINGS POINT, with 25 pts., Coast Guard Academy regatta, New London, Conn.

SOCCER

WALES over Ireland 3-0, international match, Belfast.

TABLE TENNIS

JAPAN Cup, Goshochirovici 3-5, Springfield Cap (world men's team championship) U.S. 10-3. The Netherlands.

TENNIS

SAVER DAVIDSON, Sweden, over Michael Dwyer, 6-4, 6-3. Coworth Club and coast championships, Chichester, England.
TONY KINCINN, Miami, over Peter Molloy, 6-0, 6-1, 6-4. Coworth international tournament, Cannes, France (first international tournament).
BUDGE PATTY, Los Angeles, over Marvin Rose, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3 men's singles.
PATTY and ROSE, over Marcel Bernard and Paul Remy, 7-6, 6-0, 7-5, 6-3, men's doubles.
GINETTE BUCKLE, France, over Anna Maria Seghers, 6-2, 6-3, women's singles.

WRESTLING

WRESTLE, last of night championships, for world Sam. Roster title, Karlsruhe, Germany.
Barnes-up, Sweden, Turkey, Finland.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



The Question:

Is your native sport
as exciting as
baseball and football?
(Asked at the
United Nations.)

SELIM SARPER, Ambassador to U.N.
from Turkey



"Our main national sport is wrestling. I think it requires more all-round skill. In 1945 we won the Olympic Championship. Almost all boys and young men wrestle, in cities and on farms. We even have wrestling matches at family celebrations like weddings and anniversary parties."

ABRA ERAN, Israel Ambassador to U.S.
and U.N.



"Our sports are now crystallizing. We play association football, basketball and tennis. I think association football will be the national sport. It is more exciting than baseball and as exciting as American football. Basketball is developing. In Moscow our team finished near the top."

DR. ABDEL MEGUID RAMADAN,
Egypt's Acting
Permanent Delegate



"Our sports are swimming, squash, weight lifting, tennis, polo and fencing. Egypt's swimmers have crossed the English Channel.

Abdel Kerim was the world champion at squash. Swimming is the national sport. It's not as spectacular as baseball or football, but more interesting to us."

DR. TINGFU TSIANG, Ambassador
to U.N. from
Nationalist China



"Our big sports event is a crew race on the fifth day of the fifth moon. China has had this race for 2,000 years without interruption. Wherever there is a river, canal or bay, the guilds compete. Everyone watches from tea houses, boats or the shore. There's nothing like it in any other country."

SIR LESLIE KNOX MURROE, Ambassador
to U.N. from
New Zealand



"Our rugby is far more exciting than your baseball and much more rugged than American football. It is a faster game and requires more fitness than football. There is no protective padding. If one is injured it's just too bad. Players must play one and a half hours without replacement."

DR. CARLOS BLANCO, Ambassador
alternate to U.N.
from Cuba



"People think jai alai is our national sport. Not so. It's a Basque sport. Our sport is baseball. Cubans are emotional about the game. Boys play it as soon as they can walk. Old men play softball. Sugar is our biggest export. But our most famous export to the U.S. is baseball players."

AWNI KHALIDY, Chief Iraq delegate



"Horseback riding and stunting is our sport. Every boy's ambition is to own and train a beautiful Arabian horse. The two become inseparable friends. Many of our boys grow up on horseback. Magnificent riding and stunting would be an awesome sight in America but is commonplace in Iraq."

DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD, Sweden
Secretary-General



"That is a question that is really hard for me to answer. I'm an enthusiastic mountain climber and skier. I really know very little about competitive sports, either in Sweden or in the U.S. As a matter of fact, I have not seen a football game or baseball game in my life."

SIR PIERSON DIXON, British Ambassador to U.N.



"I haven't been able to keep awake long enough at a baseball game or in a cricket match to make a comparison. There are minutes when nothing happens in baseball. I must say I prefer cricket. The break for tea gives me a lift. Your football and our rugby are murderous, equally exciting."

ARRADY A. SORDLEV, Acting Ambassador to U.N. from U.S.S.R.



"It is so difficult to say because we have so many nationalities. Each nationality has its own sport. With the U.S.S.R. so sports-conscious, all these different sports combine into one big national effort for the competition against our able and honorable competitors in the next Olympics."

DR. FRANCISCO URRUTIA, Ambassador to U.N. from Colombia



"Our principal sports are bullfighting and soccer. The more typical is bullfighting. The bulls are man-killers. To us it is far more exciting than baseball or football. It is a sport only for the brave and requires the greatest skill and courage. Crowds up to 60,000 pack the bull rings."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

What is the best race track in the U.S.? And the worst? (Asked of jockeys.)

ACTION-FREE SHIRT FOR SPORTS WEAR

SAM SNEAD'S AllSport



Here's a new shirt that will give you no-hind comfort in action, whatever your sport. Sponsored by Sam Snead, it is porous-knit of fine cotton yarns, handsomely styled with an Italian inspired collar. About \$5.50 in a smart range of colors at Jack Lane, Boston; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; B. Altman, New York; Zachary, Atlanta; Lytton's, Chicago. Or write for name of store near you.

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Furnishings



WARM WEATHER SUITS

Chipp pattern about 1000. Three button coat and single-breasted pants and slacks. 10" back vent to front. Suit has wide collar. Single-breasted jacket. 21" waist, 15" chest.

b-1 Cotton Cord-Tan and Grey—\$26.50

b-2 Crinkly Acetate-Tan and Grey—26.50

b-3 Hairline Cotton Cord-Tan, Grey, Blue—26.50

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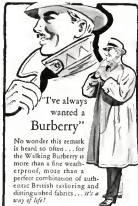
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



AS SI'S HOTBOX COLUMNIST, JIMMY JEMAIL, YOU'VE ASKED A LOT OF QUESTIONS. DO YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU SOME?

"Go right ahead, I'd be delighted. I've asked a few million on many a subject since I started in 1921. And I've talked to more than 300,000 people in those 34 years, sometimes as many as 100 a day. So it's good to have somebody else doing the work for a change, even though I've had a lot of fun being on the asking end."

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO GET INTO THIS QUESTIONING BUSINESS?

"My first day at work as Sunday watchman for the *New York Daily News*, the city editor remembered me as a football player and thought he could put me to better use. From then on I was the Inquiring Photographer. That's one way sports have helped me all my life—from watchman to columnist in one day."

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED FOOTBALL, JIMMY. TELL ME ABOUT IT.

"I was left half for Brown in '14, '15, '16 and '19, played in the Rose Bowl in '16 and had an All-America mention in '19 even though I was only 5 feet 7 inches, 165 pounds. I was a torpedo officer on destroyers between my junior and senior years."

YOU QUESTION MANY PEOPLE. DO MANY GIVE ANSWERS IN WRITING?

"Almost never. When people write, they get cautious and just don't sound like themselves. I used to have to interview 75 or 80 people for five good answers. Now, from long practice I get that many from 10 or 12."

HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO REACH EVEN THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE?

"No matter who they are, they all like to express an opinion. Also nearly everybody recognizes me right away now. But years ago I landed in a psychopathic ward for asking a woman how she enjoyed her first kiss. Stayed overnight too while my paper pretended not to know me. Next day they told the hospital I wasn't crazy—just doing my job."

HOW IS IT ASKING QUESTIONS FOR SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



"Great. Everybody's interested in sports. For instance, in Vienna a few weeks ago for my nephew's wedding, I thought I'd interview some Russians. I took a few copies of SI with Carol Heiss on the cover to their headquarters at the Imperial Hotel. They were severe and formal until they recognized

the picture of the great young figure skater. Then they grabbed the magazine and started talking a mile a minute. Sports make people—even Russians—easy to talk to everywhere."

Harry Phillips

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Why do new diets allow for between-meal snacks?

The mid-morning or afternoon energy-refreshing soft drink or nibble can actually be a real aid in reducing

It helps to keep hunger down because it raises your blood sugar level

That makes it easier to keep from overeating at the next mealtime—you are satisfied on single, smaller portions.



New scientific studies show why a realistic use of foods and beverages containing sugar can help you diet with less hunger, less fatigue—keeps diets from being boring

Whether you want to slim down or stay slim you'll be glad to know that science has given its OK to foods and beverages that contain sugar.

One of the reasons is that sugar has fewer calories than most people think—only 18 calories to a level teaspoonful. And even a slim young model needs at least 2,000 calories a day to keep the weight she wants.

Another reason, based on latest nutritional research findings, is even more important.

When you include sugar (or foods and beverages that contain sugar) in a well-planned diet, you actually take advantage of the healthy body's system of appetite control.

Part of the foods you eat must be turned into sugar before they can be used as energy. As you use up energy the blood sugar level drops. When it falls below a certain point the brain centers which regulate appetite are activated. You get hungry.

As soon as the blood sugar rises above that level, the appetite is turned off. You feel satisfied—even though your stomach may be far from full.

Since it raises your blood sugar level faster than any other food, a little sugar can be a big help in holding down your appetite—and your waistline.

Helps Prevent Overeating

That's why a nibble of something sweet between meals, such as a beverage or a food containing sugar, is often included in the newer reducing diets. It not only helps to keep your appetite within bounds at the next meal... it also helps to keep your vitality up. On the other hand, substitution of artificial non-caloric sweeteners for sugar in foods and beverages can do neither of these things. Since they have no effect on the blood sugar level, use of these substitutes can actually make dieting more difficult.

Variety Important

Health authorities now say that a good reducing diet should make as few changes as possible from sound, normal eating habits. One based on your own individual food preferences (but with smaller portions all around and no second helpings) is naturally the

easiest diet for you to get used to and stick to.

And aren't you glad to know that sugar can help you stick to your diet?

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? People are asked (including some on diets) to give up 50 or 100. You'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar every 7 1/2 minutes!



All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The friendly game of baseball • A faraway look at the Derby • New words for a new song • Mickey Walker and Gertie Stein • Trotters' delight • Presidential foursome

THIS IS FRIENDSHIP?

AS REPORTED in SI last week, Kansas City prides itself on its friendliness and outdid itself to welcome, as friends, the friendless Athletics from Philadelphia. But even friendship has its limits, and now comes the report that a fan, leaving the Municipal Stadium after the A's 29-6 defeat by the Chicago White Sox, muttered ominously: "I just hope those A's will realize that friendship is a two-way street."

ROBINSON, THE AVENGER?

JUST LIKE the Lone Ranger and Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer, Jackie Robinson of the Dodgers has appointed himself avenger of injustices, but with a new gimmick that neither the Ranger nor Mickey Spillane has thought of up to now. Robinson seeks to punish the culprit just like his fictional counterparts, but if the culprit eludes him, he is not dismayed. He simply punishes someone else.

Thus, in the fourth inning of the second game of the Dodger-Giant series, Jackie decided that Sal Maglie had deliberately thrown at several players, including Robinson. It was a reasonable inference. Roy Campanella, for instance, had had to hit the dirt. He got up to strike out. Robinson, next up, made plain his avenging strategy. He would bust down the first-base line, draw Maglie over to field the ball and then, as Jackie Gleason says, "Powie! Right on the kisser!"

Maglie's first pitch was wide, but Robinson pushed the second one to-

ward first according to plan. But Maglie, no fool, was buying none of that. He let Whitey Lockman field the ball while Davey Williams ran over to cover first. Williams, who weighs 165, took the throw, tagged the bag, and then—as if he were Sal Maglie himself—received the bruising force of Robinson's shoulder, with 210-pound Robinson behind it, full in the midsection. It sent Davey sprawling, knocked the wind out of him and emptied both benches as Giants and Dodgers rushed out to hate each other with everything short of blows.

In the clubhouse, Robinson innocently declared the whole thing to be an "accident," but he smiled and nodded as teammates, including Manager

Alston himself, kept coming up to congratulate him. Over on the Giants' side, Leo Durocher, a study in high blood pressure, choked out: "Nothing to say—nothing to say about anything!"

It seems that pitchers facing the Dodgers in future should take warning. Dust off a Dodger and Jackie Robinson will clobber you. Or somebody.

DERBY FUTURE BOOK

UNTIL THE BETTORS take over at Churchill Downs' pari-mutuel windows on the afternoon of May 7, the world's most authoritative source of odds on the Kentucky Derby is a sedate-looking citizen of Tijuana, continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Willful Nashua's last-jump victory over Summer Tan in the \$111,780 Wood Memorial makes him the prime favorite in the Kentucky Derby, but his backers will still die a little when they bet him—he has now beaten Summer Tan four times but only once by more than a neck... Kansas City's newly minted baseball aficionados had only one consolation after the A's illusion-shriving 29-6 loss to the White Sox—Boston gave the old St. Louis Browns a worse clobbering (29-4) when they set the big league scoring record in 1950... Cornell's varsity crew will break Navy's 30-race winning streak (an all-time record) on the Severn this week unless the experts (among them Navy's Coach Rusty Callow) are badly mistaken... Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore was licensed to fight Heavyweight Contender Nino Valdes at Las Vegas after two Nevada physicians tested his supposedly faulty heart and pronounced him in "perfect condition"—three medical men have now okayed him, three others have warned him never to fight again... Wes Santee, slowed to 4:11.4 by wind and weather at the Kansas Relays, prepared to try again this week at the Drake Relays... Hideo Hamamura, a 26-year-old clerk from Yamaguchi, Japan (whose fellow employees took up a collection to send him to the U.S.) beat a field of 160 in the famed Boston Marathon and set a new record (2 hours, 18 minutes, 22 seconds) for the 26-mile 385-yard course... Meanwhile in Tokyo (which is bidding for the 1960 Olympics) world traveler Avery Brundage, international Olympics chairman, was made an honorary citizen of the town... Chelsea's soccer team clinched its first English League championship—a full 50 years after being founded (as the Stamford Bridge Club) in a London pub.

continued from page 11

Mexico named John Alessio. A transplanted West Virginian who favors horn-rimmed glasses and gray flannel suits, Alessio looks exactly like a prosperous Rotarian, which he is. He is also the manager of the Caliente Future Book and one of the best-known bookies in North America.

Into Alessio's mailbox, beginning in late March, come bets from the 132-



000 subscribers to the weekly issues of his Future Book, which offers early, attractive odds on Derby hopefuls long before owners decide which horses will enter the race. One day's mail recently included bets from such widely scattered folk as an insurance agency manager in Alabama, an Oregon attorney and a Trenton, N.J. housewife (\$6 on Trentonian). Others came from as far away as Guam and Eire. Of the mailing pieces which draw these replies, Alessio says: "Show me one place where we solicit a bet. Do you see one thing which says you must bet? I only send you a communication telling you what prices are if you want to bet."

Obviously, if one of today's favorites wins on May 7, it will cost the Book money. Alessio's first communication quoted Summer Tan at 14 to 1, Nashua 2½ to 1. But the Caliente Future Book will take its biggest bath if a horse called Trim Destiny comes in first. Originally listed at 500 to 1 in the Book, Trim Destiny attracted enough bets to require a payoff of \$192,000. Then, on March 26, it romped to victory in the Arkansas Derby at the Hot Springs track. Alessio dropped the horse to 10 to 1.

After Trim Destiny, the victory of Summer Tan would hurt the Book most. Early in the year, Summer Tan was suspected of being unsound. But when the colt won a recent Jamaica purse by a startling 14 lengths, Alessio spent 35 minutes on the phone with his New York clocker, getting an eye-witness report. Alessio thereupon dropped Summer Tan to 2½ to 1. Both Nashua and Summer Tan impressed Alessio in the Wood Memorial last week. Summer Tan is now 2-1, Nashua 8-5. Swaps drilled a blistering 1:36 1/5 mile in his final workout before shipping to Kentucky, and his odds dropped from 10 to 1 to 4 to 1.

John Alessio is not likely to lose his shirt. It's still a good bet the Derby Book will turn a profit, as his Winter Book on the Santa Anita Handicap has for 14 years. Moreover, his own estimated handle from the Book this year, less than \$250,000, won't come up to a good Sunday's gross at the airy little Tijuana track which he also runs. On May 7, Alessio will interrupt his regular Caliente card for a stride-by-stride broadcast of the race from Louisville. Betting booths will be open and payoffs made at Churchill Downs prices. To further stimulate traffic to Tijuana, Alessio is flying in a carload of mint, will serve authentic juleps (no tequila) and allow customers to keep the cups as souvenirs.

As the Derby draws near, mail-order bets in the Future Book are falling off. They're down to 60 a day now, though there was a recent spurt when Walter Winchell switched from stock market tipstering to give his listeners a good thing: Blue Ruler at 6 to 1. Unfortunately for WW fans (but conceivably a good thing for the Book), Blue Ruler has now developed ankle trouble and won't run in the Derby. All in all, if it weren't for those early 500-to-1 odds on Trim Destiny, John Alessio wouldn't have a shadow of care.

COON STRIKES BACK

THE DAVY CROCKETT craze among Tamal fry, ignited by the Walt Disney television program and the ballad about Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier, has produced many a side effect besides throbbing headaches in parents. One is a boom in Davy Crockett coonskin hats and a resulting scarcity of coonskins. Coonhounds

were never busier, but the coons themselves apparently are aware that the heat is on and are determined to sell their skins as dearly as possible.

A case in point is a coon hunt of a recent evening on the side of Elder Mountain near Chattanooga, Tenn. Five coonhounds in pursuit of a coon were lured by their quarry into the mouth of a cave. Two of the hounds were smart enough to turn back at the entrance, but three—named Rock, Beulah and Rose—could not resist the beckoning coon and plunged on in. Beulah and Rose squeezed through a crevice and Rock tried to follow but got stuck, trapping the others. The coon, now far into the cave, sat down to sweat it out, a little like Davy Crockett at the Alamo.

It was necessary to haul an air hammer, an air compressor and a bulldozer five miles up the rugged mountain trail and to work them a total of 88 man hours before two men, held by their heels, were able to reach the hounds and pull them out.

If coons could write songs (and they're much more clever than some song writers), they could do a good one about this coon who outwitted the five hounds. Might work in a line about "coon of the wild frontier."

TWO KINDS OF CANVAS

DURING the first Golden Age of Sport, which was the 30s, people like Gertrude Stein and Bugs Baer knew each other. Not too well, but their paths crossed. In 1927 it was not incongruous that Mickey Walker, world's middleweight champion, should be sitting on a cushion on the floor of Miss Stein's Paris apartment, listening while she read things she had written.

"She could make it sound like Shakespeare," Mickey remembers.

There were others in the room—people like Baer, Floyd Gibbons, Norma Talmadge, Fannie Bruce, Jack Kearns. These are the names Mickey remembers.

"We had our crowd," he explains, "and she had hers. We all sat around on cushions on the floor. We knew we were in the intellectual group, but the crowd blended. With three drinks it became very friendly."

This year is a long way from that year. In the meantime Mickey has become a painter, good enough to warm the cockles of Miss Stein's heart, winner of first prize in a Marshall Field exhibition in Chicago in 1946, good enough to be exhibited at the gallery of the Associated American Artists



SPORTESE

Big disaster,
So I heard;
Tease exploded
In the third.

—Barney Hutchison

on New York's Fifth Avenue in 1955.

But 28 years ago Mickey was in Paris solely to relax with that great relaxer, Manager Jack Kearns, after stopping Tommy Milligan, European middleweight champion, in 19 rounds in London, retaining thereby his world's championship. He had been world's welterweight champion, and a few years later he was to make a gallant



try against Jack Sharkey in which he held the later heavyweight champion to a 15-round draw at a time when Mickey weighed 169 pounds. They called him the "Toy Bulldog."

They were bright, golden years. It was Paris. Perhaps under the Stein influence, Mickey plunked down \$500 for a painting—"an ocean scene, a boat on the ocean." He put it over his fireplace in Rumson, N.J.

"I'd come home with a couple of drinks in me," he says, "and sit in front of it for an hour or two at a time. I always kept the painting with me. We moved to Elizabeth, and the painting went along. I kept looking at it for years, couldn't get away from it, until one night I discovered what it was about the painting that attracted me. The boat wasn't sailing right. I went to the kitchen and got a can of house paint and started making the boat look right. I worked on it for three or four months, trying to fix it. The waves wouldn't break the way I wanted them. Finally, I sank the ship. I got so sore I threw the painting in an ash can. But I had had it all that time, from 1927 until 1938."

Soon after this disaster of the sea, Mickey went to a movie, *The Moon and Sixpence*, based on Somerset Maugham's biographical novel about Gauguin. Mickey sat through it twice and came back the next day. After the third viewing he knew that he wanted to be a painter.

He is not sentimental on this point. "If I had it to do all over again," he says, "I'd be a prizefighter and then take up painting."

His favorite artist is Rembrandt, "who paints like a Dempsey left hook." He has reservations about Bellows.

"Great as the art is," he says of Bellows, "he has his fighters off balance when they throw a punch. The day I paint a fighter as I see him, that day I'll be an artist."

In the meantime, Mickey continues

to paint and, for self-support, is returning to an old, familiar business. Like many another fighter he will open a restaurant on Broadway, not too far from Madison Square Garden.

Mickey has the name all settled: The Glove & Palette.

HEY, DANCER!

A SLIGHT, quiet-spoken young man of 27 years is currently the Willie Mays of harness racing. He is Stanley Dancer, the hottest young driver to come along since the county-fair sport was first presented to big-city fans at Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island 15 years ago.

Harness racing is not overly productive of colorful competitors, but in winning 27 times, taking 14 seconds and 11 thirds in 82 starts, Dancer has displayed a daring and an aggressiveness that have won for him a personal following as warmly partisan as can be found in any baseball park. His admirers are not content to cheer him on from the grandstand; they come down to the paddock before the races and between them to lean over the rail and yell: "Hey, Dancer! You feeling' good tonight?" Or maybe, "Hey, Dancer! Win us a few, huh, Dancer?" Dancer grins as he fusses with a piece of harness, but he does not look around. If the other drivers pass some remarks, he can take notice that the fans do not holler "Hey!" to any of them. It is just "Hey, Dancer!"

Never were the advantages of early marriage more strikingly demonstrated than in the case of Stanley Dancer. He was only 20 when he proposed to Rachel Young, a childhood sweetheart. Dancer had love in his heart, but nothing in his pockets. He knew what he wanted to do with his life, though: be a harness man like his father. Rachel saw

eye to eye with him on that and out of her dowry she gave Stanley \$250 to buy his first horse, a stout-hearted but lame trotter named Candor.

With Rachel helping, Stanley nursed Candor tenderly, bringing him along slowly until he thought he was ready to race again. Meanwhile, Rachel bought a trailer for them to live in outside their home town of New Egypt, N.J.

What Dancer was able to accomplish with his first lame horse is the story of what he has been doing ever since. Candor repaid him by winning \$13,000 in three years. Two other lame horses, Volo Chief and Titanic, won him \$30,000 and \$16,500, respectively. Earnings like these were put into a farm, a house and stables and today, eight years later, the Dancers have a 100-acre establishment at New Egypt with stables for 80 horses and a dormitory, cafeteria and recreation room for his winter staff of grooms and trainers. With his training fees and share of purses as a driver, Dancer's annual income is estimated all the way up to \$60,000. The Dancer prefers not to say.

Admirers of Dancer say that he has a unique communication with his horses; they know the touch of his hands on the reins and he knows thoroughly the little peculiarities of each one of them.

In accounting for his brilliant performances at Roosevelt so far this season, Dancer credits the thoroughness of his training. He also concedes that perhaps his horses have an advantage at the start of the meeting because they are trained in the north all winter; Florida-trained horses, he says, require a little time to become accustomed to the change of climate. As for his technique as a driver, he says, "You have to know the horses. Some need a firm hand and expect it. Others, you have to just let go." Does he talk to his

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"Hello!"
"Bonjour."

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horses? "Well," he says, "I tell 'em to get up and go."

Dancer has two trotters, Seemething Special and Worthy Pride, eligible for the Hambletonian, and a pacer, First Discovery, eligible for the Little Brown Jug. Of more immediate concern to Dancer these weekend evenings is getting back to his farm for Sundays with his wife, their two children, Ronald, 5, and Susan, 4, and a certain aging character who acts like he owns the place: Candor, the now-retired trotter who started it all.

HYMN FOR HEROES

THE OFFICIAL hymn for the 1956 Olympic Games has been chosen and was written by a man who smokes cigars and wears tortoise-shell glasses—Michał Spisak, Polish-born composer. He does not look like an athlete. More like a composer.

His hymn, chosen by a 15-man international jury, which listened to 392 scores submitted by composers of 39 nations, earned Spisak the \$1,000 prize donated by Prince Pierre of Monaco, a member of the International Olympic Committee. The hymn will not make the hit parade but, when it is played next year to open the Games at Melbourne, it will lift the hearts of athletes and spectators. The words go like this:

*Happy the man chosen for fame!
The palm of victory on his brow
Shows him to the crowd's acclaim.
He shall taste for his reward
The divine joys.
Let the Muses set a crown
Upon his hair.
And let an immortal song
Add to the glory of triumph
And to the beauty of youth
The victor's name!*

DREAMS OF GLORY

BETWEEN bouts of office work, President Eisenhower had the kind of week that golfers lie awake through the winter nights dreaming about. First of all he was at his favorite course, Augusta. On top of that, he had a round with Cary Middlecoff and Billy Joe Patton, and it turned out to be Ike's best during his stay at Augusta.

As often happens when a middle-handicap golfer plays with the experts, Ike (handicap 18) was playing somewhat over his head and came home with an 84. Moreover, Ike was not the only hot man in the foursome. Middle-

coff's 66 was one over his best round in the Masters, and Patton took himself a 70. With Middlecoff's eight birdies and Patton's five, the foursome (the fourth member was the club chairman Cliff Roberts) knocked off a best-ball of 62 and collected the \$5 club pool for the day.

Ike himself was putting poorly, as he often does, and that cost him a mess of birdies. Nonetheless, he had eight pars and only two double bogeys, which any casual golfer of 64 summers is perfectly entitled to boast about.

Strictly speaking, Ike fudges a little on the Rules of Golf: he carries 16 clubs in his bag. Aside from the four regular woods, eight standard irons, a wedge and a putter, Ike takes along a five-wood (sometimes known among golfers as "grandpa's handy helper") and a 10-iron with which he is deadly on short chip shots. The reason for the five-wood is simply that Ike, like so many weekend golfers, has trouble with his long irons. He feels far more comfortable off the fairway with his woods, using anything from the two to the five.

During his round with Middlecoff, Ike played some beautiful long fairway shots. On the par four first, after a mediocre drive of about 180 yards, he hit the green with a spoon. On the 335-yard third his drive was better—out

around 200—and then he hit a crisp five-iron 10 feet from the pin, missing his putt for a bird. On the next hole—a 220-yard par three—Ike stroked a humdinger of a five-wood off the tee and missed a 15-footer for his birdie. At the 190-yard sixth, he picked a three-iron and poked a tee shot 20 feet from the cup but again two-putted.

At 8, 11, 13 and 15—all except the 445-yard 11th are par fives—Ike played like the athlete he once was. A long two-wood off the fairway put him in good position for a 90-yard chip with that 10-iron at the 8th. With the help of a downhill roll, he was more than 250 yards off the 11th tee and hit the green with a two-iron, a real piece of golf. The 13th, which takes the measure of so many top pros during the Masters, was duck soup for the President. Playing short of the creek with a three-wood on his second, he put a full nine-iron only 15 feet from the cup. A long two-wood down the middle of the 505-yard 15th and a beautiful chip with his 10-iron left Ike an eight-footer for his bird. The Georgia air was blue for a few minutes after Ike missed it. But it was a round of golf that any player would be proud of, and some of the players in the Masters the previous week had worse rounds on that trying layout.

SPECTACLE

BRINGING THE BATON

The Penn Relays, a homebred idea, have won a strong hold on fans who demand plenty of color and action

The competitive fire and color of track and field are multiplied and heightened in relay racing where so many more athletes take part in so many more events. This Friday and Saturday the Penn Relays, oldest of dozens of U.S. relay events, are being run for the 61st consecutive year at Philadelphia's Franklin Field. Even when the meet is threatened by rain, as it was when the pictures on the following four pages were taken, dyed-in-the-wool relay addicts still turn out by the thousands. Only if he is a human IBM machine can the relay fan hope to keep abreast of the activities of the 3,400 runners and jumpers and tossers of weights from 500 colleges and schools taking part in the Penn Relays' more than 100 separate trials and heats and finals. Although Penn has led the way in evolving the relay meet as a strictly American phenomenon, other regions have developed their own relays, notably Drake University in Iowa, where the Drake Relays also take place this weekend. For a special SI report on U.S. relays past and present, turn to page 19.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



BATONS CLUTCHED IN HAND, the lead-off men in the two-mile relay bunch together behind Fred Ashmore of Oklahoma A & M as he hugs the curb around the first turn. Hidden in the

rack is Terry Foley of Fordham whose team, anchored by the great Tom Courtney (*see cover*), won the event in meet-record time and a month later set a new world record for the distance.

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YOUTHFUL RUNNERS FROM 16 HIGH SCHOOLS NERVOUSLY AWAIT SECOND LEG OF MILE RELAY. ONE YAWNS, ANOTHER FIDGETS, A



HIGHJUMPER Bernard Allard of Notre Dame grimaces as he straddles bar, hits it with his straining thigh.



EYES ON THE SKY, javelin thrower is one of hundreds of athletes who compete in individual events at Relays.



THIRD RESTS HAND ON POST, FRANCIS KEENAN OF VICTORIOUS CRANFORD HIGH (FIFTH FROM RIGHT) THOUGHTFULLY TOES GROUND



GLEAMING TROPHIES are charge of Charles J. Clegg (left), custodian of trophies at the Penn Relays since 1895.

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ARMS FLUNG HIGH, Pennsylvania Pole Vaulter Bob Owen, son of 1923 vault winner, watches unhappily as the crossbar beneath him drops from the uprights. A Penn teammate with hands on hips looks glumly up at Owen while another Penn man in white sweat shirt reaches out to catch the pole. Loser at Relays, Owen later won the IC4A title.

Pole vaulters, shot-putters and discus throwers get their chance, but in the U.S. in the spring the focus of attention is on the durable legion of young runners who compete in

THE RELAYS!

RELAY carnivals abound in the U.S., although they are all but unknown elsewhere in the world. They arrive early in spring with the crocus and the first small, green leaves, and they last through April and into May. What with Florida Relays and Ohio Relays and Arkansas Relays, Texas, Kansas and California Relays, Drake, Penn and West Coast Relays, hardly a week of spring goes by in one section or another of the country that a track fan cannot find a relay carnival to wallow in.

A relay carnival is simply a track meet in which relay races take precedence over races for individuals, unlike standard track meets or Olympic Games, in which relays are thrown in just to round out the program of individual races. Relay carnivals have races for individuals, too, sometimes very important races, but they are froth on the padding. The relays are the thing.

Numbers are the thing, too. Rather than present a choice field of five or six top-flight competitors in each of 14 or 15 events, relay directors like Tommy Deckard of Drake University or Jerry Ford of the University of Pennsylvania think nothing of crowding nine or 10 teams of four men each into one event, and of running off 50 or 100 events, including trial heats, in a weekend.

This sometimes makes for confusion, as when a spectator who has come to see Oklahoma A&M's remarkable distance-medley team or Syracuse's championship two-mile quartet finds himself instead completely wrapped up in contemplation of a heavy of junior high school kids fighting it out, tooth, nail, elbow and heel, in a quarter-mile relay. But it also makes for a gala spectacle, rare excitement, pure competition and, on more than one occasion, great running. Anyway, a real track fan would rather see an exciting race between nondescripts than a dull one between stars. And he'd rather see a dull race—no matter who is in it—than no race at all.

Nevertheless, this bewildering panorama of thousands on thousands of skinny legs, pumping arms, gasping mouths and worn, weary faces is utterly incomprehensible to the non-track fan and has led one man, who considers all track and field idiotic, to describe relay racing as "the highest form of idiocy."

Why relay fans love this "idiocy"—whether the accusation is justified or not—is probably best explained by an old German-American maxim that can be applied, with equal charm and disregard for logic, to medicine, food or track and field. It says, "If a little bit is good, a whole lot

is better." A whole lot is what the track fan gets at relays.

Consider. One of the most exciting things to watch at a track meet is a sprint, at 100 or 220 yards. Here men run at maximum effort, saving nothing, driving all the way. The trouble is, the race is over too soon. Ten seconds, 20 seconds—that's all there is. And if one of the competitors is clearly superior to the others, the race is often decided in the first 20 or 30 yards.

But in a quarter- or half-mile relay between teams of top-ranking sprinters you not only have all the wild abandon and extravagant effort of the ordinary sprint races, but you have it four times as long, and you also have the very distinct possibility of your one really great sprinter being set off several yards behind in the anchor (or final) leg of the relay, faced with the problem of catching up to and passing a rival sprinter almost as good as himself, and, to the delight of the track fan, often solving the problem in a breath-taking finish.

This holds true for other relay races, too. The quarter-mile (for individuals) is often called the most exciting race to watch in the standard track meet. It is run at near sprint speed, yet it is sufficiently long to require a certain

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BOTH FEET OFF GROUND, sprinter Dean Smith lifts baton into palm of teammate Alvin Frieden, already in full stride, as crack Texas team takes big lead in 440-yard relay at Dallas.

TINGLING SECONDS AND A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PERKIN



STRATEGY SESSION. 15 minutes before race, finds 80-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (who has won seven Woods) giving last briefing to Nachum's jockey, Ted Atkinson (about to win his

first). Hands in pockets, James Fitzsimmons Jr. also bends an attentive ear, while young Owner William Woodward (left) and pretty wife Ann, already feeling post-time tension, stand guard.

FINAL LUNGE

by WHITNEY TOWER

FOR DAYS before it was finally run off at Jamaica's egg-shaped track last Saturday, the 31st running of the mile-and-a-furlong Wood Memorial had all the marks of being one of the finest contests in America's proud turf history. Possibly no race for 3-year-olds coming so early in the season has ever presented itself with a more natural and inspiring rivalry. And, just as possibly, never has a trackside crowd of 41,000 and a television audience of some 10 million been given a more tingling handful of seconds than the stretch run in which Nashua beat Summer Tan in a final lunge.

They are old rivals, these two. A year ago Nashua won his personal duel with Summer Tan three times, lost it once. This season, while Summer Tan was recovering from a near-fatal illness which followed his victory in the rich Garden State, Nashua was busily enriching his bankroll by winning both the *Flamingo* and *Florida Derby*. He was also winning legions of new supporters, some of whom were dead certain nothing—not even Summer Tan—could prevent him from becoming history's ninth triple-crown winner.

But Summer Tan had not been forgotten. In his first start of the year three weeks ago he won from a mediocre field by 14 lengths. Five days before the Wood he vanned from Belmont Park's Barn No. 9 over to Jamaica and

worked out in a sensational 1:37 mile. The same afternoon Nashua vanned over from his barn at Aqueduct and worked a mile in 1:38 3/5. These performances made up the minds of a lot of railbirds: Summer Tan was entirely recovered, he was ready and he was capable of beating the hero of 1954.

At Belmont Park during the last few days before the race Summer Tan's trainer, Sherrill Ward, pacing his office in a horseman's version of a sou'wester, was not visibly showing the air of confidence that whirled around his stable area. "I don't mind admitting," he said, "that his 1:37 workout was too fast. Nashua's workout was a good one, too, and maybe some people are forgetting that my horse is a free and willing worker, whereas Nashua's best traits come out in a race. He's a rugged competitor. If he's in front it's a lot easier to get within a length of him than it is to get a length ahead of him. And if he's behind, you know perfectly well he's going to try mighty hard to get to you. I don't like to sound pessimistic, but I guess there's nothing cocksure about me, either."

At Aqueduct the picture was more familiar: 80-year-old Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons sat through the mid-morning hours in his picture-lined office making plans for his big string and talking, whenever asked, about Nashua and the approaching Wood. "I

That was the Wood Memorial last Saturday as Summer Tan and Nashua—two superb colts—galvanized race goers and millions of TV watchers with a mile-and-an-eighth duel that proved Nashua master by a neck

want him to get in a nice position so as to be ready to move. He'll have to be up there and not do too much fussin' around. We know Summer Tan is good, but look what happened last year. He ran with contending horses, killed them off and stood Summer Tan off three out of four times at the finish. That's what I think will happen again."

This time, as almost everyone must have known, the \$111,700 Wood had but two contending horses. The rest of the five-horse field was made up of Simmy, Cup Man and Door Prize, who finished in that order in a sort of separate contest for \$10,000 third place money and \$5,000 for fourth.

On race day the rival trainers wished each other luck, gave their jockeys a final briefing. About Summer Tan's race tactics Ward said: "We'll leave it pretty much up to the horse and Eric Guerin. I'm not too much on orders." Said Mr. Fitz about Ted Atkinson, taking over from Eddie Arcaro: "Teddy's a quick thinker who will take advantage of any situation that comes up. I'm confident. But if Nashua isn't good enough, that's just too bad. None of us will make any excuses."

As it turned out Nashua needed no excuses, no alibis. His regular rider, Eddie Arcaro, sat atop the roof to watch the historic race, and gives the following account of why Nashua is the standout racer in his division. (E.A.)

NASHUA—'THAT HORSE I RIDE...WOW!'

by EDDIE ARCARO

THE FIRST TIME I saw Nashua—or at least the first time I can remember seeing him—I had better than a clubhouse seat. The occasion was a four-and-a-half furlong maiden race at Belmont Park almost exactly a year ago, on May 5, 1954. I was on Mrs. L. Lazaro's Golden Prince, breaking from post position 13. Next to me in 14 was Jess Higley on Nashua. During the race I had problems enough of my own, but I still have a vivid recollection of Nashua turning on a wonderful burst of speed and winning easily by three lengths. My horse finished 11th.

Sometimes a jockey can see qualities in a horse that make him immediately want to ride that horse in future races. I have had such a "second sense" about

horses before this—with Assault and Citation, for instance. In Nashua's case I knew instinctively as he drew away from his field that this was a horse with a determined will to win. Incidentally, those who have been following Nashua's career as closely as I have since that day will notice that he never again won a race by as much as three lengths. Frankly, I don't think he ever will—or particularly wants to. But his will to win seems to bring him through just the same.

THE MARKS OF GREATNESS

After that first race Mr. Fitz agreed to let me ride Nashua in the future, and although I've been accused of making a few unkind remarks about Nashua's

temperament and running behavior, most of those comments were taken seriously when they should have been taken in jest. Actually, Nashua shows many signs of true greatness. The fact that he has a personality of his own—that he turns on his speed burst when he wants to and not a moment before he wants to—contributes, I think, to his greatness. Last year I looked on him as a boy with a few playful pranks. This year I think of him as a man who still likes at times to play like a kid. Be that as it may, he's all man when there's a job to be done.

During all this time I've still been very much aware of the qualities of Nashua's chief rival, Summer Tan, who

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ARCARO'S ACCOUNT

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is, to say the least, of a very different temperament. Where Nashua usually has to be continuously coaxed to run for every foot of his race, Summer Tan is a very free running horse, and until he is driven in the stretch he is running well under restraint. But when Summer Tan is driven, he'll do all he can do. He'll win by as big a margin as he possibly can. He won this year by 14 lengths.

No living human could tell me that Nashua would beat any horse—even a milk horse—by any 14 lengths.

Ordinarily I would have been up, as usual, on Nashua for his first 1955 race against Summer Tan in last Saturday's Wood Memorial. But a while back I was trying too hard to win a couple of races and was set down for carelessness. It was my own fault, and I'm sorry. Sure, they were little suspensions, but they seemed awful big last Saturday. In my place Mr. Fitz put Ted Atkinson who was a great choice. Ted had exercised Nashua and knew him pretty well. Besides, he's one of the best riders in the country and has enough sense and horsemanship to know whether Nashua is responding or not. What I mean is that Nashua can be difficult to ride only in that the jockey must ride him as he finds him. Some days, for instance, he runs well with the stick. Other days you feel no response, so you know it's

time to put the stick down. If Nashua feels he's doing his best and you hit him, he's liable to react by doing just the opposite from what you want him to do. Ted knew all of this, of course, so there were very few things I could tell him in the way of helpful hints before the race. One thing I did mention to him was that Nashua has a tender mouth and should be allowed to have his head leaving the gate. One thing I forgot to mention to him—and Ted gave me a kidding later—was that Nashua generally goes the other way when he gets to the gate. They have to come and get him.

THE STRATEGY WAS OBVIOUS

I guess I wasn't alone in figuring out, before post time, what the race strategy would be. There were, of course, three other horses besides Nashua and Summer Tan in the race. In this particular spot, however, and judging from their past performances, I would have had to overlook the other three, and look out only for Summer Tan who, as usual, had Eric Guerin up. The post-position draw, which put Summer Tan in the third gate and Nashua beside him in number four, was not detrimental to Summer Tan, but it gave a slight advantage to Nashua. Why? Well, because Summer Tan is a speed horse and I certainly expected him to go out and set the pace as soon as he could. Being on the inside of Nashua, Summer Tan was in a good position to break into the lead quickly, while similarly

Nashua, who likes to lay just off the leader, was in just as good a position to break out and stick with the horse he had to beat. The strategy looked simple enough: Summer Tan would go to the front and try to stay there. Nashua would lay off him—not more than two lengths, I hoped—and when he made his move, that's when the excitement would start.

In the post parade both colts looked fit and ready. Nashua reminded me—from my unfamiliar position on the roof in the unaccustomed role of racing analyst—more than ever of a big frisky kid, and Mr. Fitz had him looking like split silk. He looked big, too. When you're on him he feels big, and I wondered if Ted felt as I had often felt about him: that maybe you should be tied on. Summer Tan appeared to be in great shape, and I think his trainer, Sherrill Ward, did an amazing job in bringing this colt up to form after his serious illness last fall.

I suppose I became as excited and nervous as anybody else watching the race. Unconsciously I did some "calling" of my own, echoing Announcer Fred Caposella's sudden "They're off!" I noticed immediately how nicely both Summer Tan and Nashua were running, and as they went past us into the clubhouse turn with Summer Tan in front and Nashua second, I remarked to the fellow beside me: "Summer Tan can't get away from this horse—I'll tell you that." Coming to the half-mile pole Ted was still right on him, but



Summer Tan looked awfully good still. As they approached the quarter pole I said "Nashua's going up and get him. Both of them are driving." Then I'm told I yelled out into the roar: "Go get him, Ted!"

And then they came driving down the stretch. At the 16th pole I was speechless but I thought: "By Golly, it don't look like he's going to make it." There was only 70 yards to go, and I yelled, "Get him, Ted!" Ted was whipping away with everything he had. He must have hit Nashua five good cracks and then, like a flash, Nashua had shot out and put his head across the line in front. With everybody else I shouted: "He did it! He made it!"

TED WAS WORRIED TOO

Looking back on it a few moments later, I realized how close it had been. At the 16th pole it didn't look to me as though Nashua could possibly win, but suddenly here comes what I said all along—he put in that will-to-win run in the last 70 yards—and this is Nashua's mark of greatness. His time of 1:50 3/5 for a mile and an eighth was pretty good, too, I thought.

I think Ted gave Nashua the finest possible ride. He made that horse run all the way, and that's what he had to do, but even before going down to talk to Ted I knew perfectly well that there was some place in that race where he thought he wasn't going to win. And sure enough, Ted confirmed it. "I felt," he told me, "if I could get him to un-

cork at the eighth pole I could win, but he took forever to get going." "Just like I told you," I said. "You got to ride him like you find him."

"When I saw Ted even with me at last," said Eric Guerin, "I knew he had me. Those last two jumps of Nashua's—Wow!"

How may be a pretty good way to describe this horse I ride. He'll unnerve you, he'll thrill you and he'll worry you. Why, with Summer Tan out of the Wood, Nashua would have probably heat the rest of the field (the third horse, Simmy, was 25 lengths back of

Summer Tan) by about a length, hardly any more than that. You can count on him to give everyone a heart attack every time he runs.

Well, next stop for Nashua is going to be the Kentucky Derby, where I'll be back on him again—and where, once again, I'll have to ride him as I find him. I fully expect Nashua to turn in the same kind of a race he always does. Also I have no reason to believe that his will-to-win spirit will desert him when we get to Churchill Downs. I won't do any predicting, but I know one thing: I have the best horse. **END**

AT THE FINISH: NASHUA BY A NECK



APRIL 1954



UNDAUNED BY THE TUMULT AND THE TEASING OF A SEAT-OF-THE-PANTS TACKLE, RUGBY PLAYER WALLY BUTCHER OF OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE (R)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LANDRY

PANTS DOWN AND GOAL TO GO

DURING A SCRUM, WHICH RESEMBLES A SCRIMMAGE IN FOOTBALL, BRITONS PASS BALL. AT RIGHT IS UCLA FOOTBALL STAR SAM BOGHOSIAN





STARTS TO GET RID OF BALL DURING GAME AT LOS ANGELES. RUGBY RULES PERMIT NO TIME OUTS EVEN FOR ANY EMERGENCIES SUCH AS THIS

Britons witnessing American football games for the first time pridefully point out that players in the equally rough-and-tumble game of rugby eschew such protective items as helmets, shoulder pads, hip pads and other ossified equipage. Just how little the rugby player wears was graphically demonstrated last week at the Los Angeles Coliseum (above) when a combined team from Oxford and Cambridge took on UCLA. Aside from the impromptu

nudity show, the 2,000 spectators, scattered throughout the cavernous 101,528-seat coliseum, watched a hard-fought and exciting game between the scientific ruggers from Britain and the inexperienced but "rock-'em sock-'em" Americans, most of whom played on last year's crack UCLA football team. Although the hard-hitting hosts literally beat the pants off their opponents, Cambridge-Oxford, thanks to their superior technical knowledge of the game, won 12-5.

RUSHING TO BLOCK OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE KICK AFTER SCRUM IS JERRY GARDNER OF UCLA. RUGBY BALL RESEMBLES OVER-INFLATED FOOTBALL





MARCHING MIDSNIPMAN AT ANNAPOLIS, TORN BETWEEN THE CONFLICTING COMMANDMENTS OF "EYES FRONT!" AND "KEEP

SEASONAL POINTS OF VIEW: SIDELINE

HEAVY HITTER Roan Lang, 360 pounds, addresses the ball during a Fatman's Golf Tournament which was held at Baton Rouge, La. Lang came out of golf retirement for the nine-hole tournament and finished second to a 301-pounder.



GRINNING WINNER in Boston Marathon is Hideo Hamamura of Japan who breaks the tape while Mayor John Hynes trails behind carrying the traditional bay leaf crown. The mayor entered the 26-mile 363-yard race 10 yards from the finish but could not keep up with Hamamura.





YOUR EYE ON THE BALL!™ ABANDONS DUTY FOR SPORT, STEALS A PEAK AT THE LACROSSE GAME BETWEEN NAVY AND HARVARD

SIGHT, HINDSIGHTS AND FORESIGHTS

POMPON PANTS and rabbit-ear headgear give two coeds the latest snow-bunny look as they head for the slopes at Stowe, Vt. to do some skiing before spring thaw ends this season's sport at New England resort.



DIVING JOCKEY hurdles a fence at the Maryland hunt course without benefit of a horse. Riders in the hunt walk the course before the race to test the ground, familiarize themselves with the route. Some jockeys try out the fences on the basis that anything they cannot dive over will also stymie their horses.



VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP 'YANKEE'

When the 96-foot brigantine *Yankee* drops its anchor at Gloucester, Mass. this week it will mark the end of a cruise all sailors, most landlubbers, dream about: an 18-month round-the-world voyage that included whaling in the Galapagos, visiting Fletcher Christian's descendants at Pitcairn Island, a safari through Africa's Mau Mau country to the slopes of Kilimanjaro, stops in Siam, Java, Singapore and other exotic spots. Skippers Irving and Electa Johnson, who crewed their sixth globe-girdling expedition with 19 young men and women ("kids we would like as members of our family"), use nonprofit cruises as sources for books, lectures and specimens for museums interested in the South Seas.



BRIGANTINE, "YANKEE" under full sail glides through bay at Murea Island in French Oceania. Ship's leisurely global course was from east to west, mainly within the southern hemisphere.

HELMSWOMAN Johnson steers the *Yankee* while wearing a large Balinese hat to protect her from the sun. All hands worked at regular sailing tasks but a cook and physician were aboard for special duties.





Stranger on a Beach

by JEROME WEIDMAN

FOR THE past ten years my wife and I and our children have spent all or part of every winter on the Keys off St. Petersburg, Florida. We go there because a branch of our family has lived in St. Petersburg for half a century, but there are times during every winter when I find myself wishing that these particular relatives had settled somewhat further south. In Key West, for example, or even Rio de Janeiro. Because St. Petersburg weather is as unpredictable as Miss Tallulah Bankhead.

On almost any day from December through March you can be lying out in the sun, soaking up vitamin D the way a dunked doughnut soaks up coffee, and find yourself an hour later huddling over the radiator in your hotel room, wondering if you will ever develop enough intelligence to remember, when you're packing up in New York, to bring along not only a heavy sweater but your topcoat as well.

This past winter there were quite a few days like that. On the sixth or seventh—after a while the days begin to run into one another, like pancakes that have been poured too close together on a griddle—the television set suddenly went dark. I put down my hot toddy, slipped off my mittens and knelt in front of the screen. My two small sons watched impatiently while I twisted the dials back and forth. Nothing happened.

"Better see about calling the repair man," my wife said after a few moments. "God alone knows what they're doing to Superman during this black-out."

"The set belongs to the hotel," I said. "Let them call their own repair man."

It turned out that they had already done so. At any rate that's what the man at the desk downstairs told me on the phone. He told me a good deal more. When I repeated it to my wife, she refused to believe me.

On a cold, windy beach off St. Petersburg in Florida, father Weidman plays a game of baseball with six small boys, misses an easy grounder and looks up to find himself face to face with a crisis in the form of a smiling stroller

"That's what the man said," I said. "Honest."

"Say it again," my wife said.

"The aerial has to be hosed down," I said doggedly. "It's the salt in the air. It accumulates on all the aerials around here and puts the sets out of commission. Every couple of months the repair man comes out from town to hose down all the aerials out here on the beach and wash off the salt. The man at the desk downstairs said they called the repair man a little while ago because several other sets in the hotel have conked out but the repair man won't be able to get here before tomorrow because there are just too many aerials for a man to hose down in one day."

"My God," my wife said, staring out at the beach. It had the sullen gray look of a freshly painted battleship. "What a state."

She turned to look at our two sons. Jeff, aged eight, shoved John, aged seven. John feinted with his left and clipped Jeff's ankle with his toe. Jeff started for him with both fists doubled. I managed to get between them just in time.

"If I were you," my wife said, "I'd take them outdoors to let off some steam. They've been cooped up in this hotel room for days. It looks cold on the beach, but at least it's stopped raining. If you borrow a bat and a ball from the locker room downstairs, and you keep them moving, it shouldn't be too bad."

It wasn't. For a while, anyway. I'm no Willie Mays but I can hold my own with a couple of boys aged seven and eight. Especially when I stay at bat and keep them out in the field. The trouble was that we were not the only family in that beach hotel that had been catapulted into a crisis by the accumulation of salt on the television aerials.

A few minutes after I started batting out fungoes to my sons on the

beach, four more small boys came loping out of the hotel and asked if they might join us. I did not see how I could refuse. Especially since their desperate parents were obviously watching from the windows of their rooms in the hotel.

Another thing I didn't see, because it had never happened to me before, was that batting out fungoes to six small boys is not the same as batting out fungoes to two small boys.

In the latter case you hit the ball, both boys race for it and one snags it. When you've got six in the field, however, they are fairly widely spaced. Consequently, when you hit the ball, only the two—and at most three—boys who are reasonably close to it will try to get the ball. At all times, therefore, at least three boys—and usually four—are standing still, doing nothing.

This is not good. Especially on the beach in St. Petersburg on a raw, gray day in February.

Before long the boys who are standing still begin to clamor for action. There is only one way to provide it: by giving them turns at bat in rotation. There are several things wrong with this.

SMALL BOYS AND FUNGOES

First, except for those rare exceptions who grow up to bring joy to the hearts of men like Leo Durocher, small boys of seven and eight are not very good at batting out fungoes. On the few occasions when a small boy of seven or eight does manage to connect, certainly on the beach at St. Petersburg on a raw, gray day in February, the ball invariably dribbles into the surf. As a result, three-quarters of an hour after I came out on the beach with Jeff and John to help them let off some steam, I was ready to blow up. My shoes and socks were soaked, my slacks were wet to the knee, my back ached, and I was beginning to snifle.

At this low moment, my son Jeff connected with the first decent hit of the afternoon. It was a neat grounder, running parallel with the surf instead of toward it, and coming straight down the beach at me. With a murmured prayer of thanks for not having to dash once again into the Gulf of Mexico, I dipped down to scoop up the ball, and missed.

Nonplussed is a word that is usually best left in the dictionary. On this occasion, however, I think I am justified in risking it. Nonplussed certainly described with peculiar accuracy the way I felt when, before I could turn to retrieve the ball my butterfingers had just allowed to scoot between my legs, I saw the ball come hurtling back across my head, toward Jeff at bat. He caught it neatly. I turned to see what had happened behind me, and saw a tall, husky, good-looking man all bundled up in a blue sweater, a cashmere muffler, and a floppy linen fishing hat.

"Hi," he said cheerfully.

"Hi," I said uncomfortably. I felt a little silly about missing that ball. If he had not come up behind me and retrieved it, I would have had an undignified gallop down the beach in its wake.

"Crummy day," he said as he continued his walk and passed me on his way up the beach.

"Yeah," I said.

At this moment my son Jeff, obviously drunk with success, swung and connected again. The ball came down the beach in a hard line, perhaps four feet from the sand, straight toward me. Before it reached me, however, the man in the blue sweater casually shoved out one hand and caught the ball with a loud, satisfying smack. All six boys sent up an involuntary cheer. The man looked back across his shoulder at me.

"Sorry," he said apologetically, as though what he had done was inadvertent, due to no effort or desire on his part.

"That's all right," I said.

But it wasn't. It was all wrong. His two small feats had shifted the center of gravity of the relationships on that beach. I could see that the boys themselves were unaware of it. And it was obvious that the stranger in the blue sweater didn't know what had happened. But I knew, and I didn't like it.

For three-quarters of an hour, at the cost of a severe backache and a case of sniffles that was clearly snowballing into a king-size head cold, I had been the center of the small world that those six boys and I had created with a bat and a ball on that stretch of windy beach. Now it was as though I had suddenly and literally vanished into the sea. Those six boys, two of them my own sons, had eyes only for the stranger in the blue sweater.

It was one of those moments when life seems determined to impress you with its inequities. Nothing of any particular importance was at issue. In fact, under ordinary circumstances, I would have welcomed the respite that the stranger's arrival had provided. But the circumstances are never ordinary when a man's pride is involved.

I had worked hard for almost an hour to hold the attention of these boys. It didn't seem fair that this total stranger, effortlessly, unintentionally, with a couple of casual gestures as natural as breathing, should have taken it all away from me.

"You're not holding that bat right," he said as he reached Jeff. "Here, mind if I show you, son?"

Willingly, eagerly, with the sort of look in his eyes that indicated clearly how much he wished it was not a piece of mere wood but a bucket full of gold dust, Jeff offered up his bat to the stranger. The other boys came hurrying in across the beach. I followed more slowly, wrestling with my emotions, telling myself severely to stop being what my own father, when I was a boy, used to call a horse's patoot.

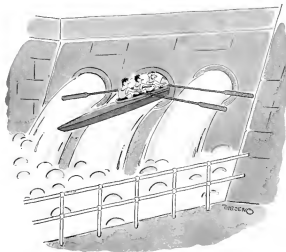
"You don't want to pull the bat all the way back over your shoulder like this," the stranger said, giving a perfect imitation of Jeff's stance at home plate. I winced slightly. It was the stance I had taught him. "If you hold your bat all the way back across your shoulder like that, son," the stranger said, "your swing has to travel too far. Like this." He swung at the air. "If that's a real fast ball coming at you, by the time you get this long swing around to it, that ball is four feet behind you, in the catcher's mitt. Now here's the right way to hold your bat."

A SAVAGE LUNGE

The stranger spread his legs, dipped his knees in a half-crouch, and held the bat up straight in front of him, almost parallel with the vertical line of his body, the way a proud marcher in a parade might hold up a placard so that all the world can read the glowing words that describe his great cause.

"This way," the man in the blue sweater said, "when that old apple starts coming at you, and you see it's the one you want, and you take your cut at it—" He swung, slicing the chill, damp air with a savage, whistling lunge that spun him completely around on one foot in a swift, perfect, and graceful circle. His free foot came to rest lightly in the exact spot on the sand from which his body had started

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Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

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The high Himalayas, a land of soaring peaks above vast, desolate glaciers and valleys, is here surveyed by Sir Edmund Hillary, gazing at Bonanza's summit from the rock-strewn Barwa Glacier. Amidst such scenes as this, young Tenzing grew to manhood and gained the experience culminating in Everest's conquest.

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest



By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART II: In which the young Sherpa, on numerous expeditions in the high Himalayas, matures into the veteran climber; survives the hard years of the war and after; assumes the great responsibilities of a sirdar, or chief of porters; and tackles Everest again in a climatic effort with a new and beloved friend

THEY say you should start with little things and go on to big ones, but it was not that way for me. My first expedition, in 1935, was to Everest. This was with the fifth of the British parties to go out to the mountains. Their first one, in 1921, had not been an attempt to climb, but only an exploration, and it was on this one that a way was found through Tibet to the north side of the peak. To the Sherpas, who knew the route from Darjeeling to Solo Khumbu, it seemed strange to be going so far around to get to Chomolungma. But the English had permission to enter Tibet, while at the time—and until only a few years ago—no Westerners could enter Nepal.

From near the Rongbuk Monastery, straight north of Everest, the 1921 explorers made many journeys along the glaciers and to the high passes, looking for a route to the upper mountain; and at last it was decided that the best one was along the East Rongbuk Glacier and then up a steep wall of snow and ice to a pass, or saddle, more than 22,000 feet high, which they called the North Col. The famous climber, George Leigh-Mallory, with some others, reached this col, and though they were not equipped to go farther they felt sure they had found a good way up the mountain. Meanwhile they had looked for still other ways and climbed a high pass which looks over onto the south-west side of Everest and almost to Solo Khumbu. But

Mallory did not think this side looked like good climbing; and besides it was in Nepal. So it was 30 years before anyone tried the mountain from that direction.

In 1922 the first real climbing expedition came. With many Englishmen and Sherpas they set up camps on the glacier, another on the North Col and still another on the steep ridge above. From there the strongest climbers went on to more than 27,000 feet, which is only 2,000 feet from the top and much higher than men had ever been before. But later there was the great avalanche on the steep slopes below the North Col when a whole ocean of snow came pouring down on the roped porters. This was when seven Sherpas were killed, and it was the worst accident there has ever been on Everest.

Still, in 1924, both Englishmen and Sherpas came back, and this was the famous expedition on which Mallory and Andrew Irvine disappeared as they climbed together toward the top. This time there were not only one but two camps above the col, and the higher, at 26,800 feet, was carried up by the three Sherpas, Lhakpa Chedi, Norbu Yuhay and Semschambi. From here, before Mallory and Irvine were lost, Colonel E. F. Norton and Dr. T. H. Somervell made a fine attempt, in which Norton reached more than 28,000 feet. This remained the world altitude record until Raymond Lambert and I went a little higher

Tenzing: Tiger of Everest

on the other side of the mountain during the first Swiss expedition of 1952.

The fourth attempt on Everest was not until 1933, which was the one on which I so much wanted to go but was not taken. The result was much like in 1924, except that no lives were lost, and two teams of climbers—Wyn Harris and L. R. Wager together, and Frank Smythe, with Eric Shipton stopping a little below him—went to about the same place that Norton had reached. Again the highest tent, Camp Six, was set up by Sherpas, and the English, in appreciation, called them "Tigers." In 1938 this title became official and Tiger Medals were awarded to the porters who went highest. But already in the '20s and early '30s the name was used, and our men bore it proudly.

Then came 1935 and my first chance.

From the beginning of the year there had been much talk about another expedition; but there was trouble getting permission to enter Tibet again, so it was late before Eric Shipton, who was now leader, arrived in Darjeeling. Because of this it was decided that there would be no real summit attempt, but only a reconnaissance, as in 1921. For the monsoon, which blows up each June from the south, would surely come while we were still climbing, and after that it is almost certain death on a high mountain from storms and avalanches. A reconnaissance would not be a waste of time, though, because the British thought they might find a better route for the next year than the one always used before by way of the North Col.

As had happened in 1933, I was almost left behind again. The star for the expedition—which means the one who is in charge of the porters—was Karma Paul, a businessman of Darjeeling, who did not know me; and also I had no certificate for previous service. Mr. Shipton and Mr. W. J. Kydd, who was then secretary of the Himalayan Club, interviewed the Sherpas, but picked only those who had climbed before or were recommended by Karma Paul; and I was very unhappy. Then later it was announced that they

needed just two more men. There were more than 20 candidates, and I slipped into the line wearing a new khaki bush jacket and shorts which I hoped made me look very professional. Mr. Shipton and Mr. Kydd checked one candidate after another, and when it was my turn they asked me to produce a certificate. This was awful, and I wanted to argue and explain. But at that time, when I was only 20, I did not yet know either English or Hindustani, and all I could do was make a gesture that I did not have one. The two whibs talked together, then told me to step out of line, and I thought that was the end of it for me. But when I started to leave they called me back, and I found that I was one of two men elected.

Some of the older men were annoyed because I was a novice and had been taken in. But I was so happy they could have beaten me and I would not have minded. The wages on the expedition were 12 annas a day, which would be raised to one rupee for every day above snow line; so if I did well I would make more money than I ever had before. It was not money, though, that was the important thing to me. It was that I was a mountain man at last—and going to Chomolungma! In 1953, when I saw Eric Shipton at a reception in London, I reminded him that it was he who, 18 years before, had given me my first chance.

Because this was my first expedition there were, of course, many things that were new to me. We were issued special clothes and hoots and goggles. We ate strange foods out of tin cans. We used pressure stoves and sleeping bags and all sorts of other things I had never seen before. And in the actual climbing, too, there was much that I had to learn. Snow and glaciers themselves were nothing new to a boy who had grown up in Solo Khumbu, but now for the first time I had experience with the real techniques of mountaineering: using a rope; cutting steps with an ax; making and breaking camps; choosing routes that are not only quick but safe. As an apprentice porter I was not given much responsibility. But I worked hard and was generally useful,



and I think the sahibs liked me. Also the altitude did not bother me, even though I had never been so high before, and I was one of the Sherpas who carried loads to the North Col, at a height of more than 22,000 feet.

This was as far as the expedition went. As a reconnaissance, it did not have the equipment or number of men to go higher. But it was there on the col, before we turned back, that I first realized I was in some way different from the other Sherpas. For the rest of them were glad to go down. They did their work as a job, for the wages, and wanted to go no farther than they had to. But I was very disappointed. I wanted to go still higher on the mountain. Even then it was like it has been with me for all the rest of my life: when I am on Everest I can think of nothing else. I want only to go on, farther and farther. It is a dream, a need, a fever in the blood. But this time, of course, there was nothing I could do. We came down from the col and soon after left the mountain.

The very next year I went again to Everest. This was with a full-scale British expedition that had high hopes of reaching the top, but the weather was very bad, and once again we got only to the North Col. In 1938, though, there was somewhat better luck. Though this year's party was a small one, it climbed high on the mountain before being turned back, and I was one of seven Sherpas who set up the topmost camp at 27,200 feet. This was the highest I ever went until with the Swiss on the other side of Everest in 1952, and for my work I received the rank of Tiger that I had so much been hoping for.

Between Everest attempts, during this period, I made many other mountain trips. None of them involved very high climbing, but they took me to various parts of the Himalayas, including distant Garhwal; and on the way for the first time I visited big cities, rode on trains and saw much of the civilized world. The winters I spent mostly at home in Darjeeling, with my wife, Dawa Phuti, and soon we were blessed with both a son and a daughter.

Then in 1939 came the highest journey yet. This was all the way across India to the province of Chitral, in the far northwest, where I was one of a party who tried to climb the great peak of Turich Mir, in the Hindu Kush Range. In this we were not successful. But I liked Chitral so much that I stayed on there into the next winter. Then I had terrible news—that my son had died while little more than a baby—and I hurried home to Darjeeling. I did not remain long, however. For now the Great War had begun, there were no expeditions to join, and so I took my family back with me to Chitral. Though my son was gone, we were

still as many as before, for while I had been away my wife had given birth to a second daughter.

We lived in Chitral for the next five years. For most of the time I worked in the officers' mess of the Chitral Scouts, which were part of the Indian Army. But there was also the chance to travel around in northwest country, and I learned much of new customs and languages—and also how to ski. Mostly these were very happy years; but in the end there was again tragedy, for Dawa Phuti took sick and, after a long illness, died. It was a great shock to me, of course, and it was hard for me to take care of my two little daughters, Pem Pem and Nima. So early in 1945 I brought them back to Darjeeling. Here, after a while, my bad luck changed to good; for I again met Ang Lahmu, the young lady with whom I used to argue about milk, and later that year we were married. She became the new mother of my children, and for this, and for many other things she has done, I have had much cause to be grateful.

The years right after the war were hard ones in Darjeeling. There were still no big expeditions going out, and very few of any kind. And now also, with the coming of independence for India, everything was uncertainty and confusion. The American military and government people had already gone, with no tourists to take their place; and soon many of the English were following them. Several of the tea plantations shut down. Jobs were few, and there was much unemployment and poverty.

Then in the spring of 1947 a crazy thing happened. And it began when Mr. Earl Denman came to Darjeeling.

Mr. Denman had been born in Canada, grown up in England, and now lived in one of the British parts of Africa. He had one great plan that had become the dream of his life, which was to climb Everest—and climb it alone! . . . But he had to have someone to go with him, and that was how I met him. One day Karma Paul, the old sirdar, looked me up and said, "There is a sahib who has come to town, and he has an idea that might interest you." And a while later, with another Sherpa, Ang Dawa, I found myself meeting Mr. Denman.

Right from the beginning it was like nothing I had experienced before. Denman was alone. He had very little money and poor equipment. He did not even have permission to enter Tibet. But he was as determined as any man I have ever met and talked with great earnestness and persuasion. He was especially insistent that he wanted me along. Because I was a Tiger; because I had climbed to 27,200 feet on Everest; because I spoke Tibetan and also some English; because I had been recommended as the best of the Sherpas. And it was all very flattering—but still crazy—and Ang Dawa and I said we must think it over.

Any man in his right mind would have said no. But I couldn't say no. For in my heart I needed to go, and the pull of Everest was stronger for me than any force on earth. Ang Dawa and I talked for a few minutes and then we made our decision. "Well," I told Denman, "we will try."

As it turned out, he was not only without permission to enter Tibet, but had signed a paper promising not even to approach the border. So secrecy was of much importance, and instead of leaving Darjeeling together we met



Tenzing: Tiger of Everest



at a prearranged point outside of town and began our trip from there. Following the usual expedition route, we moved up through Sikkim; then sneaked successfully across the border by a little-used pass and beaded west across the great plateaus of Tibet. We had many accidents. We seldom had enough to eat. Once we were stopped by a patrol and almost turned back. But somehow we managed to keep going and at last reached the Rongbuk Monastery, where the lamas received us without questions or suspicion.

And now there, straight before us, was Everest: huge and white, with its streaming snow plume; just as I remembered it after nine long years. The old excitement returned, as strong as ever. But I had not taken leave of my senses and, with the mountain looming above us, I was more conscious than ever of the hopelessness of our endeavor.

Still we went on: up the glaciers, past the old lower campsites, toward the base of the walls below the North Col. With only the three of us, the work was backbreaking. The wind and cold were terrible. In fact they seemed to me the worst I had ever known on the mountain, until I realized it was not so much they themselves as that we were so badly equipped. Our clothes were not windproof. Our food supply was low, and we were already out of the most important item—tea. Our two tents gave as much protection as a sheet of paper, and soon Denman, who at first occupied one of them alone, had to come in with Ang Dawa and me, so that our three bodies together could make at least a little warmth.

At least we moved fast. Each day we set up a new camp, carrying everything we had in one trip, and soon we were at the foot of the snow slopes beneath the col. I knew,

though, that this was the end of the line. Denman was less used to cold than Ang Dawa and myself and was suffering terribly. He could not sleep at night. Sometimes he seemed to have barely the strength to walk. From our highest camp—the fourth—we made a brief try at the steep snow and ice leading up to the col; but the cold went through to our bones and the wind almost knocked us flat. In a little while we were back in the tent, exhausted and beaten.

Even Denman knew we were beaten. He was a brave man—a determined, almost fanatic man with a fixed idea. But he was not crazy, and he was willing to go back. For this I am as grateful as for anything that has happened in my life, for it would have been a terrible decision for Ang Dawa and myself if he had insisted on going on.

Our retreat was even faster than our advance. Now that he was defeated, Denman seemed only to want to get away from Everest as quickly as possible, as if it were a thing he no longer loved, but hated. We almost raced back to the Rongbuk Monastery and then on across the wild high plains of Tibet—almost as if the mountain were following us as an enemy. Now we were even shorter of food than before. Our clothes were in rags, and Denman's boots were in such bad shape that for a few days he had to walk barefoot. But we kept going. At least we were stopped by no patrols. And almost before I knew it we had crossed back from Tibet into Sikkim and a few days later, toward the end of April, arrived in Darjeeling. The whole trip—to Everest, at Everest and return—had taken only five weeks!

It was as quick as that. As strange and crazy as that. In another few days Denman was on his way back to Africa, and it almost seemed to me that I had not been to Everest at all, but only imagined it. Yet, looking back on it today,

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I feel that Denman, though a strange man, was also a brave one—a man with a dream—and I am sorry he did not get closer to realizing it. In 1953, when I gained the top of Everest, I was wearing a woolen balachava helmet that he had left to me; so at least a little part of him has reached his goal.

I have heard my English friends use the expression "a feast or a famine." And that is how it was with me. For years, since the beginning of the war, there had been hardly any expeditions at all, but from now on I was on so many that I have trouble keeping track of them.

In 1947, right after Denman had gone home, I went to Garhwal with a party of Swiss. They were not out to climb any one great mountain, but rather a number of the second rank (at least by Himalayan measurements), and were very successful—reaching several summits more than 20,000 feet high. My own best performance was on a peak called Keder-nath, of about 23,000 feet, which became the first big mountain I ever climbed to the top. And besides this satisfaction there was the pleasure of being with the Swiss, whom I liked the best of any people I had ever been with.

During the two years after this I did little high mountaineering but made two wonderful journeys. The first, in 1948, was to Lhasa, the holy city of Tibet, where all my life I had longed to go; and it was especially interesting because I went as assistant to the famous Italian scholar, Professor Giuseppe Tucci, and learned far more than I would have on an ordinary trip. Then in 1949 I went to Nepal with H. W. Tilman, the famous British climber whom I had known from Everest in 1938. On this trip, too, there were no major ascents; but we explored much of the region around Annapurna, and it was the first time in 15 years that I had been back to the country where I was born.

In between times I made another of my many trips to Garhwal and was one of a party who made the first ascent of a mountain called Bandar Punch. For two winters I was employed by the Indian Army to instruct troops in the craft of mountaineering. And in the fall of 1950, after returning from Nepal, I went off on another long journey to the northwest. It was with three young Englishmen, whose plan was to visit the distant range of the Karakoram and the frontier between Afghanistan and Russia; but this was stopped for political reasons, and we went instead to Nanga Parbat, the famous "Naked Mountain" of Kashmir.

Nanga Parbat had the worst history of any mountain in the world, for over the years it had taken no less than 29 lives, including many Sherpas; and for myself, I was willing to spend the rest of my life staying away from it. The young Englishmen, however, were determined to make a try, even though it was now almost winter, and I convinced the three other Sherpas who were along with us that it was our duty to go with them as far as we could. Once we were on the great glaciers, though, conditions became impossible. The temperature was 50 below zero, and the snow was up to our armpits. At last we refused to go farther; but the shikhs still insisted on continuing, and it was arranged that we would wait for them in the base camp. Two days later one of them returned, badly frostbitten but still alive. But the other two never were seen again, and with fresh snow falling all the time our efforts to push up the mountain and

find them were hopeless. Nanga Parbat had claimed its 30th and 31st victims.

This was the first expedition I had ever accompanied on which lives had been lost. And now, in succession, I was to be on two more. The next, in 1951, was with a French party to Nanda Devi, in Garhwal, during which the leader and a companion disappeared while attempting to cross from the main summit to Nanda Devi's east peak along a high sky-line ridge. In the search for them, another Frenchman and I reached the top of the east peak, at about 24,400 feet. This was the highest summit I had ever gained up to this time, and its ascent remains today the hardest and most dangerous of all I have ever made—including Everest.

Then, later that same year, came another expedition and another death. This was on a small expedition to Kang Peak, near Kanchenjunga, and the unlucky climber was George Frey, the assistant trade commissioner for the Swiss Government in Bombay. Three of us were climbing unroped on a steep snow slope, with Frey first and myself second, when suddenly he slipped and began to fall. Reaching out to stop him, I broke one of my fingers—which was the only injury I have ever had on a mountain. But his momentum was too great for me to hold him, and he fell halfway down the peak before coming to rest, lifeless, on a level patch of snow.

It is a Sherpa belief that the late 30s are the critical age of a man's life—the years in which he may most likely meet either success or disaster. I was now 37. Though I had come through all right myself, I had been on three expeditions in a row on which lives had been lost. And I could not help shivering a little and wondering "What next?" For I had two years of my 30s still to go.

NANGA PARBAT, Nanda Devi, Kang Peak, Kashmir, Garhwal, Nepal, and even Tibet. I had climbed many mountains, lived through many experiences. But one thing had been missing: Chomolangma, the Great One. It was five years now since I had even seen it, on that strange quick trip with Denman; 14 since I had climbed high on its walls to win my rank as a Tiger. Sometimes I wondered if I would ever get back to it, or if the gods, for reasons of their own, were going to keep me forever from this mountain that was closest to my heart.

But the gods were kinder than that. I was to go back again—and again, and again. And the last years of my "critical" late 30s were to be the great years of my life.

It was a new Everest to which I returned. For the post-war expeditions were no longer approaching it from the north, but from the south, and to climb a mountain from a different side is almost like climbing a different mountain. It was politics that had brought about the change of route. By now the Chinese Communists were well established in Tibet, and it was impossible for any Western expeditions to enter; but at the same time Nepal had had its own quieter revolution and was slowly opening up to the outside world. Now, in 1952, indeed, it was prepared to welcome climbers from many countries. And among the first of the newcomers were the Swiss.

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It was a great day for me when the news reached Darjeeling. There was one letter direct to me from Switzerland, another to Mrs. Henderson, the secretary of the Himalayan Club. And they asked for me as sirdar and told me to begin hiring porters. Not only would I be going back to Everest at last, but I would be doing it with the people with whom I enjoyed climbing most of all. I did not know all the expedition members, of course; but I had met the leader, Dr. Wyss-Dunant, in Darjeeling a few years before; two of the climbers, René Dürst and André Roch, were old friends from Garhwal in 1947; and I was sure that I would like the others just as well. "Would I go?" the letters asked. And they might as well have asked if I would eat or breathe. The way I behaved around the house for a few days, Ang Lahmu and the girls must have thought I was possessed by devils.

With 13 other Sherpas I left Darjeeling in the early spring to meet the Swiss in Katmandu. And from there we began the 180-mile trip, up and down over the Nepalese foothills, to the southern base of Everest. On the way I got to know the members of the expedition whom I had not met before, and especially Raymond Lambert, who was soon to become my great friend and climbing partner. Also I felt great excitement, not only because I was going back to Everest again, but also because our route took us through my old home country of Solo Khumbu; and before going on to the mountain I spent a few days with my mother and sisters, whom I had not seen now for 18 long years.

Then we moved on upward, toward the north, and on April 22nd established our base camp on the Khumbu Glacier at 16,570 feet. Straight ahead of us the glacier ended in a huge and unclimbable white wall; but off to its right was a sort of avenue—a steep but not impossible-looking slope of tumbled ice, known as the Icefall, which flowed down through a narrow passage between Everest and Nuptse. It was here, a year before, that Eric Shipton, at the head of a reconnaissance expedition, had found the beginnings of an upward route. And it was here that we must follow—and go farther—if we were to get into the long snow valley above it, called the Western Cwm, and from there on to the heights of the mountain.

We had some bad weather on the glacier. But it never lasted too long, and we made progress. From the base we went up and across and set up Camp One near the foot of the Icefall, and from there the Swiss began searching for a way up through the steep tangle of ice.

It went slowly in the Icefall. It was like finding your

way through a white jungle. And it was dangerous too, for everywhere there were ice towers that might collapse on you and deep, snow-hidden crevasses into which you might fall. In a sheltered place halfway up we pitched Camp Two. And above this it was even harder. Then, almost at the top, we came to what we knew we would find, and were worried about: a great crevasse just below the entrance of the cwm that had stopped Shipton's party the year before. It was a frightening thing, all right—so wide no man could jump it, so deep you could not see its bottom, and stretching all the way across the Icefall from the walls of Everest to those of Nuptse. What was to be done? What could be done? The Swiss walked back and forth along the rim. They examined every yard of it. They spent hours trying to find a way to get across, but they had still not succeeded when it began growing late and they had to go back to Camp Two. The next day they went up again. After another long search they had the idea that it might be possible to swing across on a rope, and the youngest in the party, Asper, made the try. It was no good, though. From a rope fastened to the lower rim of the



crevasse he was able to swing the whole way across, but he could not get a hold either with his fingers or his ax on the smooth ice of the far side, and each time he swung back against the lower wall with a crash.

But at last they found a way. In one section of the crevasse they saw, about 60 feet down, a sort of shelf or platform, by which a man might be able to cross over to the farther wall, and the wall at this particular point did not look too steep to be climbed. Once more it was Asper who made the attempt. His companions lowered him carefully to the platform, he managed the crossing all right, and then, as they had hoped, he succeeded in hauling and hacking his way up until he came out on the upper rim. At that altitude the work had been so exhausting that for

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several minutes he could only lie there in the snow, trying to regain his strength and breath; but once he was all right again, everything was all right. For with one man across there was no longer any problem. The rope between him and the others was made secure. Other ropes were thrown over. A whole rope bridge was built. And soon, what had looked like an impossible crossing was the easiest sort of operation for both men and loads.

It was a great victory. There we were in the Western Cwm, where no man—no living thing except an occasional bird—had ever been before. It was a deep snow-filled valley, about four and a half miles long and two miles wide, with Everest on the left, Nuptse on the right and the white walls of Lhotse rising straight ahead. Once you are really close to a mountain it is hard to see much of it, and it was that way now with Everest, with its whole upper part lost in the sky above us. But we knew which way we must go to get there, for there was only one possible way: along the length of the cwm to the foot of Lhotse and then up the steep snow slopes on its left to the great saddle called the South Col which joined the peaks of the two mountains. After that . . . But that was something we hardly dared think about. The first thing was to get to the col.

We made one start on May 24th, but were turned back by bad weather. Then we set off again the next day, and this time kept going. At last, after two days of struggle and fearful cold, in which three Sherpas gave up the attempt altogether, we made it—Lambert, Aubert, Flory and myself; and with three other Sherpas whom I slapped and scolded and cajoled into the job, we got supplies up from below for the camp from which we would make our try for the top.

I have been in many wild and lonely places in my life, but never anywhere like the South Col. Lying at 25,850 feet between the final peaks of Everest and Lhotse, it lacks even the softness of snow and is simply a bare frozen plain of rock and ice over which the wind roars with never a minute's stop. We were already almost as high as any mountain that had ever been climbed, but above us Everest's summit ridge rose up and up, as if it were another mountain in itself. The best route seemed to lead first up a long slope of snow and then out onto the ridge itself, but how it would go we would not be able to tell until we got there. And the very top we could not even see, because it was hidden behind the snowy bump of a slightly lower south summit.

Night came. The wind howled. Lambert and I shared a tent and did our best to keep each other warm. It was not quite so bad a night as the one before—but bad enough—and in the morning it was plain that the other three Sherpas were finished. The Swiss knew that if we were to have any chance of reaching the summit, we must set up still another camp—the seventh—on the ridge above us, and they offered them special rewards if they would try to make the carry. But they refused. Not only their bodies were worn out, but their spirits too; and besides not being willing to go higher themselves, they begged me not to do it. I was as determined one way, however, as they were the other, and finally things were worked out in the only possible

manner. The three of them started down, while the three sahibs and I made our preparations to go up. Without the others to help with the loads we could not carry nearly as much as was needed for Camp Seven, and our prospects for success looked slim. But there was nothing we could do about it.

So we started off: Aubert and Flory on one rope, Lambert and I on another. We climbed and climbed—from the col along the steep snow slope to the base of the south-east ridge, and then on up the ridge itself. The weather was clear, and the mountain itself now protected us from the west wind; but the going was very slow, both because of the altitude and the problems of finding a safe route. We had only one tent with us, which I carried, and enough food for one day, and each of us also carried a small tank of oxygen—this being the first time in my mountain experience that I had ever used it. But the oxygen did not do us much good, because the apparatus would work only when we were resting or standing still and not when we were actually climbing, which of course was when we needed it most. Still we kept going. To 27,000 feet, and then farther.

At about 27,500 feet we stopped. We had gone as far as we could that day. As I have said, we were traveling very light, and I think it had been the sahibs' intention only to reconnoiter that day, dump the tent and a few supplies, and then come back up again when more porters were available. But the weather was almost perfect. Lambert and I were not too tired. I saw a small, almost level place where the tent could be pitched, pointed to it and said, "Sahib, we ought to stay here tonight." Lambert smiled at me, and I could tell he had been thinking the same thing. Aubert and Flory came up behind us, the three talked it over, and it was decided that the first two would go down while Lambert and I stayed there. And in the morning, if the weather was still good, we would make our try for the top.

Aubert and Flory dumped their few things. "Take care of yourselves," they told us—and there were tears in their eyes. They went down. They became tiny specks and disappeared. Lambert and I pitched the little tent, gasping and stumbling with the exertion; but as soon as we stopped working we felt better again, and the weather was so fine that we were able, for a while, to sit outside in the fading sunlight. With our different languages, we could not talk much. But there was no need to talk. Once I pointed up and said in English "Tomorrow—you and I." And Lambert grinned and said, "*C'est va bien!*"

There was no sleep. But we did not want to sleep. Lying still, without any sleeping bags to protect us, we probably would have frozen to death. So we slapped and rubbed each other all night long to keep our circulation going, and slowly, slowly the hours passed, until at last there was a faint gray light in the tent. Stiff and cold, we crawled out and looked around; and what we saw was not good, for the weather had worsened. It was not wholly bad—there was no storm—but the clearness was gone, clouds filled the sky to the south and west, and the wind, rising, blew sharp grains of ice into our faces. We hesitated a few moments, but, as usual, there was no need for words. Lambert

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jerked his thumb at the ridge with a wink, and I nodded, smiling. We had gone too far to give up. We must make our try.

It seemed to take hours to get our crampons fastened on with our numb hands. But at last we were on our way. Up—up—very slowly, almost creeping—three steps and a stop. We had three tanks of oxygen between us, but, as before, they were of no use while we were moving, and after a while we dropped them to relieve ourselves of the weight. Every 20 yards or so we changed places in the lead, so as to share the harder work of breaking the trail, and also so that one of us could rest and breathe deeply while letting the other pass. An hour went by. A second and a third hour. Mostly, the climbing itself was not too hard, but we had to be very careful of our route, for on one side of the ridge was a great precipice and on the other a cornice of snow overhanging a whole ocean of space. Then at times the ridge steepened, and we had to cut steps; and at this sort of climbing Lambert was wonderfully good.

Another hour passed. It seemed like a day—or a week. The weather was growing still worse, with waves of mist and wind-driven snow. Once Lambert turned and said something, but I could not understand him. Then a while later he spoke again; under his goggles and thick wind cream he was grinning; and this time I understood him all right.

"*Ça va bien!*" he was saying.

"*Ça va bien!*" I answered back.

It was not true. It was not going good, and we both knew it. But that was how things were between us. When things were good, it was *ça va bien!* And when they weren't, it was *ça va bien* just the same.

At a time like this you think of many things. I thought of Darjeeling, of home, of Ang Lhamu and the girls. I thought of Dittert and his second team of climbers now coming up below us, and that if we didn't get to the top, perhaps they would do better. I thought, "No, we ourselves will get there—we can do it! But if we do it, can we get down again?" I thought of Mallory and Irvine, and how they had disappeared forever, on the other side of the mountain, at just about the height we must be at now. . . . Then I stopped thinking. My brain went numb. I was just a machine that moved and stopped, moved and stopped, moved and stopped.

Then we stopped and did not move again. Lambert stood motionless, hunched in the wind and driving snow, and I knew he was figuring things out. I tried to figure too, but it was even harder to think than to breathe. I looked down. We had come—how far? About 650 vertical feet,

Lambert reckoned later; and it had taken us five hours. I looked up. And there was the south summit about 500 more feet above us. Not the summit. Just the south summit. And beyond it . . .

I believe in God. I believe that in men's hardest moments He sometimes tells them what to do, what decision to make, and that He did it then for Lambert and me. We could have gone farther. We could perhaps have gone to the top. But we could not have got down again. To go on would be to die. . . . And we did not go on. We stopped and turned back. . . .

We had reached an altitude of about 28,250 feet: the nearest men had ever come to the top of Everest, the highest anyone had ever climbed in the world. But it was still not enough. We had given all we had, and it was not enough. We turned without speaking. We descended without speaking.

Down the long ridge, past the

high camp, along the ridge again, along the snow slope. Slowly—slowly. Down—down—down. . . .

• • •

That was all for Lambert and me. The next day, with Aubert and Flory, we went down to the Western Cwm, while the second team of four Swiss and five Sherpas, under Dittert, went up past us to try their luck. At first they did better than we, getting from the cwm to the col in a single day's climbing; but there their luck left them. Altitude sickness struck both sahibs and Sherpas. The wind grew stronger and the cold deeper. And after three days and nights they had to come down, without having been able to even start an ascent of the summit ridge.

Well, it had been a great effort.

And I had made a great friend.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How Tenzing makes the most momentous decision of his life; and wherein he tells at last the full story of how Everest's summit was achieved



You don't always hear the umpire cry "Play ball"

But there's never any question that he's done so.

Down on the field the atmosphere tightens. The batter quiets his bat, his feet firm at last in the box, and waits—for that instantaneous judgment which will make him swing or take the first pitch.

The catcher freezes in his crouch; holds his mitt with a more deliberate poise than when he caught the last warmup. In the next fraction of a second anything can happen.

And as the pitcher rocks back to throw—

You are sitting at all the baseball games you ever watched.

Perhaps, if you're lucky, your boy is with you watching his first. You won't have to tell him about this moment. He'll know. The game is on.

For both of you it's the beginning, not of just one ball game, but of a lot of dreams and hopes and shouts and memories.

It's the instant when a new bond begins between father and son—a shared love of the game.

Sports-minded families have learned to seek out and treasure these moments—when hearts are high, when fighting bass splash in a mirrored pool, a bat cracks, a crowd roars, a green fairway turns golden underneath a late afternoon sun.

It's a world which gives wings to a man's spirit on a snowy mountainside, against a blue sky; which speaks in brittle rustlings through a brown autumn woods; which holds a family closer together under the taut pull of the mainsheet in a stiff breeze.

And for 575,000 sports-minded families it is a world reflected—as nowhere else—in the colorful pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.





BROOKLYN'S HAPPY STREAK

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

The graying old Dodgers won their first 10 games of the season, set a big-league record and delighted their friends, playing so resourcefully that any one who has ever liked baseball just had to like the Dodgers

THERE is nothing quite so beautiful to the baseball fan as the sight of his favorite ball club doing everything right, getting the right hit at the right time, making the spectacular catch or throw just at the moment it's needed most, coming through with masterful pitching whenever masterful pitching is called for.

It's a wonderful feeling, very much akin to that experienced by the small boy in the Saturday movie, thrilled to the spine with unutterable delight at the brilliant, resourceful way his hero comes safely through one perilous situation after another. It's the way New York Giant fans felt last fall during

the World Series when their heroes galloped with unerring skill through four straight wondrous victories over the formidable Cleveland Indians.

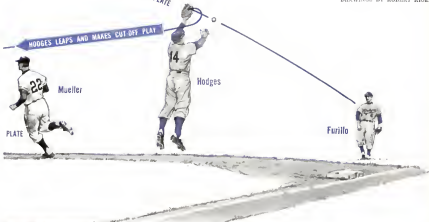
And it's the way Brooklyn fans felt last week as their old, fat, graying Dodgers, playing like a bunch of lively kids who just found out what fun baseball could be, stretched their season-opening winning streak to 10 fabulous games, more than any other team in modern major league history has ever won in succession at the start of a season. The record had been nine straight, set originally in 1918 by the (oh, how sweet some victories taste!) Giants and tied in 1940 by the Dodgers and

again in 1944 by the St. Louis Browns.

But despite the magic of the streak and the vicarious satisfaction of victory after victory, it was not winning itself that meant so much to the Brooklyn fan as it was the way the victories were achieved—deftly, surely, smartly, dramatically. The Dodgers may not win the 1955 pennant. It is possible that they may not even be a serious contender for the pennant later on in the year. But for 10 days at the start of the 1955 season they were a dream team, the best in baseball, the smartest, the most resourceful, the most commanding, the most satisfying to watch. They won 10 straight games

HARD CAMPANELLA TO CATCH THOMPSON AT THE PLATE

DRAWING BY ROBERT RIGER



HEADS-UP BASEBALL during streak is illustrated by this cutoff perfectly executed by First Baseman Gil Hodges against Giants on April 14. With score tied, none out and Thompson on second, Mueller singled to right. As Outfielder Furillo fielded ball, Hodges saw Thompson pass third on way to plate, realized he'd probably beat Furillo's throw. Noticing Mueller scurrying toward second as peg came in, Hodges leaped high, intercepted ball, tossed to Reese at second and Mueller was out. Manuever saved run, as Westrum followed one out later with hit that would have scored Mueller from second.

because they played better baseball than their opponents for 10 straight games. They played so well that anyone who has ever liked baseball had to like the Brooklyn Dodgers.

In the very first game of the year, played against the Pittsburgh Pirates at Ebbets Field under a fog bank before a miserably small, chilled crowd of 6,999, the Dodgers were alive with ability and imagination. This was the game in which Jackie Robinson invented his double-play stopper that may send the Baseball Rules Committee into executive session any day now: he deliberately let a batted ball hit him for an automatic one-out to prevent the Pirates from making a very likely two (see drawing next page).

In that same game, with two out in the seventh, men on first and third and the score only 2-1 Dodgers, Robinson crossed up the Pirates with a perfect bunt past the mound for a base hit, driving in another run. Carl Furillo followed with a home run, and the Dodgers won 6-1 to start things off.

The next day in the Polo Grounds

against the Giants, Gil Hodges made the fine cutoff play diagramed above; Duke Snider made a marvelous one-handed catch in deepest center field; and Roy Campanella hit a three-run home run off the man the Dodgers love to hate: the sinister Sal Maglie. These three gave the Dodgers the needed edge in the wild 10-8 victory.

The third day Billy Loes humiliated the Giants by picking Willie Mays off third base to crush a Giant rally (see drawing next page). Duke Snider hit a tremendous home run over the 450-foot marker in the farthest corner of right field in the vast Polo Grounds. And Loes spiked Leo Durocher's secret weapon—pinch hitters—by stopping five of them dead, including the legendary Dusty Rhodes. It was a 6-3 win and a delightful sweep of a Giant series for Brooklyn.

The fourth day the irritable Russ Meyer pitched a two-hit, 6-0 shutout against the Pittsburgh Pirates in Pittsburgh, aided by another implausible catch by Snider—this one made at top

continued on next page



GRINNING Manager Alston, as cheerful as the wallpaper in his Brooklyn apartment, crossed his fingers for photographers before Dodgers went after record-tying ninth win. Alston, a prime target of critics throughout hectic spring training season, was well praised during streak.

speed in deep center field, with his back to the plate—and by a variety of smart offensive plays, including a Robinson bunt hit and a Furillo extra base on a throw to the plate from the outfield.

The next day was Sunday in Pittsburgh, and the Dodgers won twice, 10-3, 3-2. A double victory over the Pirates (who barely avoided tying the National League record for losing most games in succession at the beginning of the season) is nothing particularly remarkable, but the impressive way the Dodgers did it is. Young John Podres pitched an efficient six-hitter in the first game, while his teammates demonstrated their hitting versatility with seven doubles, two base-hit bunts and two home runs. In the second game, with the score 3-2 in favor of the Dodgers, George Freese of Pittsburgh singled and Dale Long tried to sacrifice him to second. But First Baseman Hodges charged in, grabbed the bunt and threw to second to catch the front runner and ruin the sacrifice. It saved a run, because Jack Shepard singled later in the inning, a hit that would have tied the score if Hodges had not kept the potential run off second base. Instead, the Dodgers won, and it was six straight.

The Dodgers left Pittsburgh, went to Philadelphia. Humorists talked of 154 straight. After the game, talk was just a little more serious. How could the Dodgers lose? Everything they did dovetailed into a pattern of victory.

In Philadelphia after five innings the Dodgers trailed 2-0. But in the sixth inning before anyone was out, Junior Gilliam, Robinson and Snider combined a triple, a walk and a towering home run to put the Dodgers quite

HOW THE DODGERS DID IT

Composite box score on Brooklyn's batting and pitching during the record-breaking string of 10 victories in their first 10 games

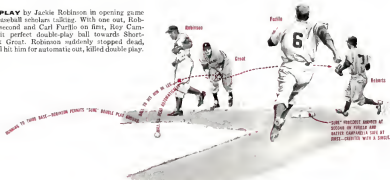
HITTING											
LINEUP	G	AB	R	H	RBI	1B	2B	HR	AVE.		
WILLIAM, 2B	10	43	9	10	3	1	1	1	.234		
REESE, SS	9	26	4	4	0	3	0	0	.154		
ZIMMER, SS	5	18	6	6	0	2	0	2	.333		
SNIDER, CF	10	38	9	11	11	1	1	0	.303		
HODGES, 1B	10	33	6	11	6	4	5	0	.297		
AMOROS, LF	10	30	7	10	1	2	0	1	.333		
ROBINSON, 3B	10	38	10	11	4	1	0	1	.289		
FURILLO, RF	10	33	10	10	14	2	0	0	.303		
CAMPANELLA, C	10	30	6	11	0	3	0	3	.334		
PITCHERS	10	46	9	10	0	3	0	2	.258		
SNURA, PH	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000		
HOAK, 1B	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000		
TEAM	10	345	70	100	55	62	2	10	.319		

PITCHING											
PITCHERS	G	INNINGS	R	ER	SO	BB	ERA	WON			
ERSKINE	2	34.5	3	3	32	5	3.10	2			
HEMLOCKER	2	34	12	0	23	1	3.70	2			
HUGHES	8	33.5	2	2	3	4	3.40	0			
LOES	2	16	5	5	12	6	2.83	2			
MEYER	2	32.5	2	2	5	3	3.40	1			
PODRES	1	9	0	0	2	0	3.00	1			
LABINE	2	33	4	1	3	5	.80	1			
ROEBUCK	2	5.5	0	0	1	1	.00	0			
BLACK	1	6.5	2	2	1	1	1.70	1			
TEAM	10	30	10	26	73	36	2.85	10			

suddenly in front, 3-2. And instead of stopping with that, Brooklyn kept on. A hit and two walks loaded the bases with two outs and Pitcher Carl Erskine at bat. Pitchers don't hit, usually, but that night Erskine did. One run scored, and that seemed all as Outfielder Peanuts Lowrey fielded Erskine's single.

But Manager Walter Alston, coaching at third, sent Base Runner Sandy Amoros on past third to what seemed a certain out at home. Lowrey's throw was in plenty of time, but far, far wide of the plate, and Alston's gamble paid off in an extra run—that extra run that repeats itself in the Dodger

NOVEL PLAY by Jackie Robinson in opening game still has baseball scholars talking. With one out, Robinson on second and Carl Furillo on first, Roy Campanella hit perfect double-play ball towards Shortstop Dick Groat. Robinson suddenly stopped dead, let the ball hit him for automatic out, killed double play.



10-game-victory fabric like a bright golden thread. That extra run was a comfort from the last half of the sixth on, when Relief Pitcher Ed Roebuck took over for an uncertain Erskine. Relief pitching was one of Brooklyn's prime weaknesses last year, particularly after Jim Hughes was over-worked into inefficiency. Young Roebuck made his major league debut in Philadelphia, did not allow a hit or a run and left the Dodgers with seven straight victories, enthusiasm and high hopes for a bright future.

The next night in Philadelphia, Roebuck came to the rescue again with gilt-edged relief pitching, stopping the Phillies cold after they had scored six runs in the seventh and eighth innings off Starting Pitcher Newcombe and Relief Pitcher Hughes to close the score to 7-6, a performance terribly reminiscent of Dodger pitching foldups in 1954. Roebuck, however, served to remind Phils and Dodgers alike that this was 1955, and that the Dodgers had won their eighth straight game.

Back came the Dodgers to Brooklyn to their storied home—Ebbets Field—to go after the games that would tie and break the consecutive-game record. Back they came to the most inexplicable thing that occurred in their entire run: almost nobody in Brooklyn came out to see them play.

That night, as they utilized seven walks, three hit batsmen and a wild pitch, all donated by Steve Ridsick of the Phillies, to edge Philadelphia 3-2 and tie the record, just 9,942 fans were in Ebbets Field. It was a cold night and television sets in Brooklyn are warm and cozy, and that might have explained it. But the next afternoon the Dodgers went after the new record against Robin Roberts, whose first two

appearances of the season had resulted in decisive victories over the Giants. Here was a superb baseball situation, a fine team at the top of its form coming against a great pitcher in peak condition. Surely, now the Flatbush Faithful would jam into Ebbets Field.

Exactly 3,574 came out for the big game. The Dodgers, as proud of their record as good players naturally would be, were stunned.

"What's happened to the crowds?" said Pee Wee Reese. Ten straight wins, and a bush-league attendance in a park that Billy Herman once described as being "like the World Series every day," because the crowds were so big and so noisy. It was unexplainable.

POOR ROBIN ROBERTS

Perhaps in anger, perhaps in resentment, perhaps because they were still playing great baseball, the Dodgers raged against the great Roberts, patted him with 10 hits, including three home runs, and won the record-breaking 10th straight by a resounding 14-4 score. Once again, an extra bright light shone in Brooklyn, this one held high by Relief Pitcher Joe Black, who had been the Dodgers' key man in the 1952 pennant race but who has had almost nothing on the ball since then. Black relieved starter Russ Meyer in the third and pitched six and two-thirds innings of splendid baseball to gain credit for the win.

It was a glorious day indeed, except for the crowd.

The bubble burst the next night, in a furious, fog-swept game with the Giants. The crowd came out, even though it was raining at first, enough to prompt Duke Snider, still resentful of all the empty seats on the previous day, to say, "To hell with them. I hope

it rains till midnight. They don't deserve a ball game."

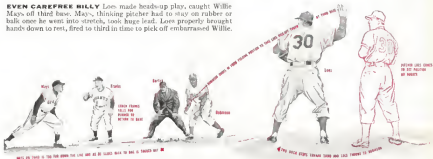
Deserve it or not, they got one, a great one, and the fact that the Dodgers finally lost it, 5-4, may have been the work of the Fates chastising the Flatbush Faithless. The Dodgers managed to maintain their streak and their great playing through seven innings of this 11th game, but in the eighth inning the tide turned, a sleet hit skidded past Left Fielder Amoroso, a hurried relay throw by Shortstop Don Zimmer, playing in place of a slightly injured Pee Wee Reese, bounced past Catcher Campanella into the Dodger dugout, and stunningly, irrevocably, finally, the Giants led and went on to win and stop the fabulous Dodgers of 1955.

Brooklyn came back the next afternoon—last Saturday—to beat the Giants 3-1 in a tough, bitter game, marked by jarring base running by Robinson and by Alvin Dark of the Giants, but on Sunday the Giants ended the story of Brooklyn's streak once and for all in a weird game that went into extra innings a 5-5 tie and ended in an 11-10 victory for the Giants.

The streak was over. The Dodgers still held first place, but the season—the long season of mingled victories and defeats—was beginning. The question the Dodgers and Walter Alton faced was twofold: could the enthusiasm and drive that sparked the streak be revived and maintained? Could the surprisingly effective relief pitching of the streak be regained? If so, good days lie ahead for Brooklyn. If not, 10-game streak notwithstanding, 1955 will seem awfully long to Brooklyn, with its brightest days buried back there in the first 10 days of the season. **END**

For a new Alton tactic turn page

EVEN CAREFREE BILLY Loes made heads-up play, caught Willie Mays off third base. Mays, thinking pitcher had to stay on rubber or balk once he went into stretch, took huge lead. Loes properly brought hands down to rest, fired to third in time to pick off embarrassed Willie.



WALTER ALSTON'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS

by DICK YOUNG

The manager of the Dodgers, a former high school instructor and still a teacher at heart, gives his pitchers paper work

EACH DAY or night, as the Dodgers added victory after victory to their fast-breaking getaway, until they had achieved a modern major league record of 10, one man in the Brooklyn dugout—a pitcher—remained detached from the usual chatter; divorced from the umpire-baiting and the biting inter-bench jockeying. It wasn't always the same man, but he was always busy on the same job. He was keeping a chart, on a large, yellow piece of paper. The paper, strangely checkered, was attached to a conventional clipboard (below) the man kept in his lap.

One day he was Carl Erskine; the next, Russ Meyer; then maybe Billy Loes, or Clem Labine; or Carl Erskine again. Whoever he was, this was not his day to pitch. This was his day to watch intently every pitch made by his teammate and to record it on the chart. Fast ball . . . curve . . . change-up . . . slider . . . screwball. High, low, inside, outside, foul. And at the end of the 10 games, there, on the clipboard hanging in the office of Dodger Manager Walter Alston, was a record of every pitch thrown by a Brooklyn pitcher during that opening rush.

TEACHER'S TIPSHEET

The streak ended on the 11th game, but the charts go on, win or lose. Later they are consulted, analyzed, discussed. They show:

How many fast balls Don Newcombe threw this day—maybe it was Johnny Podres. How many he got over for strikes, how many missed for balls. How many curves were high, how many low. Which pitches were hit by Sid Gordon—or was it Willie Mays? And where were they hit—to left, right, center; on the ground, in the air?

What purpose does all this serve?

Says Alston, a former schoolteacher who has not lost his faith in instruction: "It will show me when a pitcher's curve is hanging too often, or when he's not getting his change over. And it'll help me show it to him, because he won't be taking my word for it; it'll all be there, in black and white, and I won't have written it down."

That's one reason Alston has the charts kept by non-working pitchers. But there's another reason, regarded by Alston as more important: "It

keeps pitchers on the bench in the game every minute."

Fans who watched Rex Barney for years take sun baths on the edge of the dugout, head tilted upward for maximum benefit from the rays, and eyes closed for minimum benefit from the game, those fans know what Alston means by "keeping in the game." Other clubs have charted pitches, but the job was usually done by an assistant in the stands or press box. Alston has brought it down into the dugout, so that his men have to study the work of other pitchers.

Quite often the pitcher making the marks on the chart may be flanked by spotters who assist him in calling each pitch. Thus two, or even three non-playing pitchers, are "in the game."

And how are the pupils taking to Teacher Alston's new project? "Some of them are more interested in it than others," confesses the teacher. He smiles and adds: "The day we set the record, Billy Loes started the chart (right). He gave it up after a while and Erskine finished it."

As might be expected, Erskine, the star of the staff, also is the star pupil. He keeps the neatest charts, manifests the greatest interest.

"I was hoping Alston would let me keep them all," says Erskine. "You'd be surprised how many things you see that you never noticed before."

He gave examples:

"I kept the chart on Newcombe against the Giants in that first series. Newk threw eight changeups that day,

and got them all over. Two were high, but they were hit—for basehits. A high change is the same as a high curve, it's a weak pitch."

Another thing:

"A chart like this will show you if a pitcher is falling into a set pattern. He might be throwing a fast ball and following with a curve, or two fast balls, then a curve. If he does that repeatedly, it's a pattern that the other team will look for."

And another:

"Later in the season these charts might help us rig our defenses. We usually shade Whitey Lockman to left field, but the chart the other day showed that he pulled Loes. Maybe we can play him different next time."

Alston admits the chart is far from perfect. For example, the present markings don't differentiate between a called strike and a swinging strike. However, it's still new enough to be altered. "I think we can come up with better symbols," he says, for one thing.

On the evening the unbeaten Dodgers were to play the Giants at Ebbets Field, Alston agreed to turn over to SI the chart on game No. 10, which had established the record, and No. 11, which was to start in a few minutes. Three hours later, the Dodgers no longer were unbeaten. Teacher Alston produced the chart on game No. 10. He declined to hand over game No. 11, explaining that he had spotted something and wanted to go over the chart with Pitcher Podres, who had lost the game and was being kept after school.



DOPESHEET ON DODGER PITCHING

Fishing chart kept by Billy Loes and Carl Erskine shows what happened with every pitch thrown by the Dodgers during record-breaking 10th straight victory. Tray boxes in line with Philadelphia players' names show balls (B), strikes (S); dot under strike means foul. Position of symbol indicates whether ball was high, low, inside, outside. Large boxes represent playing field with home plate at lower left. According to the chart, Russ Meyer's opening pitch, a low slider, went past Bobby Morgan of Phillies for a strike, then Morgan hit second pitch, low fast ball, into left field stands for home run. Darkened line around infield shows Morgan scored. Next man up to bat, Earl Torgerson, saw a fast ball go over for strike, then grounded wrist-high curve to first baseman (3) who made play unassisted (4). Chart-keeper's conclusion from the first two batters: Morgan will wait long time for next low fast ball from Meyer.

4-21-55 (DAY)

TOTALS

	FALL BALLS	CURVES	CHANGE	SLIDER	TURN IN BALLS
MEYER	3	3	0	0	2
15 PITCHES	6	6	2	3	6

BLACK

	BALLS	14	15	2
90 PITCHES	STRIKES	24	29	9



A red-nosed Fokker slowly spun to earth



AT 4:35 P.M., on October 30, 1918, a lone Spad biplane, marked with the symbol of the "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron, hawked down through the quiet skies over Grande Prié. Seconds later, a twenty-round burst of its guns smashed full into the center of a low-flying Fokker and sent the German plane swirling earthward like an autumn leaf.

The C.O. of the squadron, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, had downed his last enemy plane of the war, setting a record for aerial combat never equaled: 26 victories in 7 months. It made him the American ace of aces.

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Stranger

continued from page 31

moving, and he smiled at the six small faces gathered around him as he said quietly, "That one, now, that one would have been out of the ball park."

There was a pause.

"All right, son," the stranger said, handing the bat to Jeff. "Now you try it."

"Just a minute," I said.

The man in the blue sweater turned. He must have sensed what was going through my mind, because all at once his pleasant smile took on a note of unmistakable embarrassment.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to hog the show." He held the bat out. "Maybe you'd better show them."

AS DAVID LOOKED AT SAUL

I looked down at the six small boys. They were all staring up at the stranger in the blue sweater. Thus, it came to me with a funny little feeling in my heart, the way young David must have looked up at Saul when the boy was first admitted to the great king's presence. Something had just happened on this stretch of windy beach that I knew instinctively would happen to me again and again as my sons grew older. It was part of the process of growing up, of setting them free to find their own models and fashion their own yardsticks. Whether I liked it or not I could see, from the expression on the faces of Jeff and John as they stared at the man in the blue sweater, that at least so far as baseball was concerned, my day was done.

"No, you go ahead," I said, thrusting the bat back at the stranger. "It's perfectly all right."

If it wasn't at that moment, it became all right the next morning, when the sun finally broke through and I came out on the beach for a sun bath to find Jeff and John, along with at least a dozen other small boys, clustered around the stranger in the blue sweater. Except that he was no longer wearing a blue sweater. He was wearing swimming trunks and that engaging smile as, unhurriedly, patiently, with great care, he wrote a few words in one autograph book after another. When Jeff got his, he came belting across the sand toward me.

"Look!" he cried happily. "Look!" I looked, and that's when it became all right. On the mauve-colored page, in jet black ink that was still slightly wet, the handful of words read: "To Jeff—with the best wishes of—Stan Musial." (END)

TENNIS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

TONY TRABERT WAS THE WINNER
AT RIVER OAKS, BUT ONCE AGAIN
THE REAL SENSATION WAS THAT
WEEKEND WHIZ, DICK SAVITT

THERE'S no doubt about who walked away with the honors at the 21st River Oaks Invitation tournament in Houston last week. Tony Trabert, steady off the ground and brilliant at net, roundly trounced his Davis Cup teammate Vic Seixas in the finals, to the tune of 6-0, 6-1, 6-4, making it nine straight in his endeavors this past winter, the longest string of victories in his career. But though this perfectly run tournament added silver to Tony's already impressive collection, it was noteworthy primarily in the way it spotlighted once again one of the most amazing careers in the annals of the sport: the story of Dick Savitt.

A big bear of a man from Orange, N.J., Savitt flashed to the pinnacle of tennis fame a few years ago—and then as abruptly vanished. While still on top and in his prime, he abdicated present and future honors to pursue the inconspicuous role of a Houston oil man. Ever since, he has been a weekend player who only rarely emerges from the anonymity of private play—but when he does, he makes big news. And small wonder.

In 1951 the name of Savitt monopolized the headlines of the tennis world. An aggressive, nervous, often impatient and always overpowering player, Savitt bounded onto the world stage almost in a single year—a decisive year which added control to a style based primarily on power. The combination was invincible: he defeated Australia's great Frank Sedgman and Ken MacGregor on successive days to win the Australian championship, then went on to Wimbledon to win the most coveted of all court crowns. Had it not been for a leg infection which for a time made him a virtual cripple, Savitt would certainly have added the U.S. championship at Forest Hills to his collection for a rare sweep of the world's major titles.

Then, as abruptly as he had appeared on the tennis scene, the tall, darkhaired Easterner announced his retirement from big-time competitive tennis in order, as he put it, "to go to work." This was on February 13, 1952, after barely one year of top-level competition. He lingered long enough to win the national indoor title later that

month and to make one more European swing, where his tennis never quite reached the standard of the year before. After that he faded into virtual obscurity.

But last year in his home town of Houston and on the clay surface he likes so well, Dick Savitt staged a comeback and enjoyed one more fling of glory. He faced the nation's top tournament players in the River Oaks tournament and won it, trouncing Hamilton Richardson in the finals. Savitt's victory created a major stir in tennis ranks. Would he try again for the Davis Cup team? Would he shoot for the national title?

Savitt answered the queries with a firm "no." He planned to remain a weekend player in Houston. He had no aspirations for the big time.

This year, however, he was on the scene again—first at the Dallas Country Club Invitational, then at Hous-



DICK SAVITT

ton at the River Oaks tournament. And both times he gave the very best men in U.S. tennis a run for their money.

At Dallas, Trabert, playing the finest tennis of his career, had to go all out to beat Savitt 6-4, 4-5, 4-6, 6-4. At Houston, Seixas won over the former Orange, N.J. star 5-7, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3. In each case, Savitt piled up a 2-1 lead in sets, and against Trabert had a 3-1 advantage in the fifth. He might have won both matches if he had been hardened by topflight tennis competition.

A TREMENDOUS SERVICE

Savitt tired visibly near the end of both matches, another result of lack of tough tournament play. Possessor of a tremendous service and excellent ground strokes, he could match either Trabert or Seixas from the back court. He only gave ground when he ventured to the forecourt. He has never been very good at the net, where he appears to be uncomfortable. His volley is not on a par with the rest of his repertoire, which ranks with the best in the game.

I noticed one thing particularly. Against Seixas, with the score one set each and with Savitt leading 5-1 in the third, Dick threw the seventh game to Seixas on Vic's service, feeling he could take his own delivery for the set. He did, but this is bad strategy. A match-hardened player would never do it. Savitt should have tried for the seventh game so he could start the fourth set on his own service.

As captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, I would like nothing better than to see Dick Savitt make a comeback to the big time. He has no equal among the present amateurs in groundstrokes. He has one of the most potent services in the game. He certainly would be a threat to any player the Aussies could put up. It certainly would be a comfort to our side—added insurance—if Savitt could see fit to slip away from his oil business and swing his racket competitively again.

He is still young—only 25 years old. He has size and strength for the big game. Perhaps his temperament isn't the best, but this deficiency, if it is such, is more than overcome by his remarkable physical equipment.

If colorful, moody Richard Savitt chose to essay a comeback, there seems little doubt that he would cause discomfort among Uncle Sam's present Davis Cup team of Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas and Ham Richardson. He could easily join the big three and he might even become the head man of the "big four."

BOWLING

VETERANS ROLL HAPPILY, SOME UNKNOWN SENSATIONALLY, AND FORT WORTH HOLDS FORTH AT THE ABC IN FORT WAYNE

by VICTOR KALMAN

BY midafternoon of Wednesday, April 20, the three days of cooling, intermittent showers had ended and the streets of Fort Wayne steamed under a broiling sun. It was especially hot in the immense Memorial Coliseum where 152 men—aged 19 to 70 and including one man on crutches—competed in the doubles event of the 52nd American Bowling Congress championships before noisy spectators who fanned themselves with programs and mopped their brows with damp handkerchiefs. At the end of the second of the three-game series the contestants paused to survey the scores on the huge blackboards at the rear of each of the 38 shining alleys. The highest score was: Lange 222, Lindsey 235; total 457.

"It seems like the old days, Mort," said Herb Lange, 54, manufacturer of kitchen equipment of Watertown, Wis.

OLD-TIME CHAMPIONS

Mort Lindsey, wealthy 66-year-old retired businessman and bowling proprietor of Stamford, Conn., grinned happily. Then he and Lange, both members of Bowling's Hall of Fame, went on to roll a commendable third game and post a 1,213 series. The score was not likely to be among the first 200 in the 72-day competition—which ends June 5 and in which 30,000 bowlers are participating—but it was sensational for two men whose years aggregate 129. Lindsey was champion before World War I and Lange was the first U.S. collegiate titleholder while he attended Wisconsin University in the early 1920s.

Although the ABC had not yet reached the halfway mark last week it seemed the story would be the same as in the past: a top quintet winning the team event, a star taking the all-events title and unknowns scoring in the doubles and singles. On the night before Lindsey and Lange rolled in the doubles, the Pfeiffer Beers of Detroit, ABC Champions in 1952 and '53, recorded 3,136 to go far in front for a possible third title in four years. And on the following night, Fred Bujaek of Pfeiffer

continued on next page

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BOWLING

continued from page 43

scored 279-735 in the singles to take the all-events lead with 1,993. Such formidable rivals as Stroh Beer of Detroit (U.S. champions), Budweiser of St. Louis and Cerin Motors of New York (led by defending singles champion Tony Sparano) had yet to roll, however, and the Pfeifers were by no means counting their prize money.

The singles leader at this point was Eddie Gerzine, 36, a left-handed tavern and alley proprietor of Milwaukee. His season average was only 180, but he rolled 738, the best series of his life, on March 28. And on that same day, Dr. Myron Erickson, 47-year-old pharmacist of Racine, Wis., a 177-average man, bowled the 14th perfect 300 game in ABC history. Two others who never before were in the national spotlight—Harry Zoeller, 40, and George Paeropsis, 41, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—led the doubles with 1,365. Paeropsis is a 6-foot, 300-pound crane operator, yet is as graceful and light on his feet as men little more than a third his weight.

On the opening night of the tournament the Midwest was hit by one of the year's worst snowstorms. James Bissett, 33, driving to Fort Wayne from his Dayton, Ohio home, narrowly missed death when his car overturned on the highway near Winchester, Ind. Help arrived quickly, his car was righted, and a police officer suggested Bissett go to a hospital for an examination. Instead he sped on to the coliseum and rolled 537 to lead his Fighting Irish quintet, from the Dayton Frigidaire plant, into first place in the booster division (under 851-average teams). Their 2,795 was still at the top of the board last week.

FORT WORTH VS. MIAMI

Because of the tournament's prestige—and the millions of dollars spent by the bowlers and their rooters—almost every town in the country with a building large enough to house approximately 40 lanes and thousands of spectators seeks to play host to it. Tournament sites are selected two years in advance by the executive committee of the ABC. Rochester has been named for 1956 and by last week, when the committee met at Fort Wayne, the field for 1957 had narrowed to Miami, Buffalo and Fort Worth, Texas with Miami apparently far ahead. I asked at least half of the 64 executive committeemen how they felt about 1957 and almost all said that the bowlers in their area "want to see Miami."

But on Monday, as the delegates met for their first formal conference on ABC regulations, thousands of bowlers paraded through hotels and into the coliseum with huge red and white "Fort Worth Next" buttons. On Tuesday, Chamber of Commerce members passed out straw ten-gallon hats and red bandannas—not only to bowlers but to every pretty Fort Wayne girl. On Wednesday, Walter Jetton, who calls himself King of Barbecue, drove into town from Fort Worth with a large truck equipped with kitchen, a trailer containing Texas chickens and sides of longhorn and a chuck wagon. From the wagon he and his helpers, garbed as cowboys, passed out barbecued meats to bowlers and that night threw a special party for executive committeemen and the press.

On Thursday, when the delegates voted, it was 52 for Fort Worth, 11 for Miami and one for Buffalo. Jetton repacked his gear and returned to Texas, but the women of Fort Wayne were still wearing ten-gallon hats and, as a local columnist said, he wouldn't be surprised if most of the population went to Fort Worth for their vacations this year. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



TWENTY-ONE years ago this week Goose Goslin, murderous Detroit slugger playing against Cleveland, distinguished himself by becoming the first major leaguer to hit into four consecutive double plays in one game, batting four for eight out. Mighty Goose, the Tigers' clean-up hitter, swept Mickey Cochrane and Charlie Gehringer off first base with his hard-hit but luckless drives. But, in spite of Goose, Pitcher Tommy Bridges worked a five-hitter to win 4-1, and the Tigers went on to capture their first pennant in 25 years.

TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers but particularly for high- and medium-handicap players

from **CLAUDE HARMON**, pro at the Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y.

As a rule, golfers don't pay enough attention to the face of the club. The face of the golf club is so small that few golfers realize how important it is in correct shot-making for that face to be square to the ball throughout the swing.

A surprisingly large number of golfers don't even start their swing with the face square. They think they do, but somewhere these golfers have picked up the erroneous notion that it is the top line of the club face that one should refer to to determine if the face is square at address—that is, resting so that it is perpendicular to the intended line of flight. Now, that's not right. It's the bottom line of the face that determines whether the club is square or not.

One other thought on this matter. If the player rushes his backswing, the club will change position in his hands. It's bound to—just the way a pitcher in baseball would lose control of the ball if he wound up like lightning. You must start square and control your swing so that you stay square.



correct (drawing at the left): bottom of club face square to line of flight



incorrect (drawing at the right): top of club face square to line of flight

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HUNTING IN THE GRAND MANNER



Generalissimo Franco closed the big-game season by inviting Spain's aristocracy to a *Monteria*. Among the honored guests was SI's hunting reporter, who writes this firsthand account

by VIRGINIA M. KRAFT

IT WAS SEVEN O'CLOCK when I stepped from the pink-fronted hotel into the narrow roadway which was the main street in Andujar. Great black limousines straddled the cobbled sidewalks. A small boy chattered something to me in Spanish. I fumbled a reply. "You can't stop," I was told. "The cars are already loaded. Once the Generalissimo arrives, the hunt begins and late-comers are left behind."

The road from Andujar to the Palace of Lugar Nuevo is a distance of 20 miles. The long file of automobiles moved slowly, grinding against the roughness of the steep road. The sun had just crossed the last mountain barrier when we pulled into the graveled courtyard of the Palace of Lugar Nuevo. This was the beginning point of the *Monteria*, the most important and exclusive shoot in Spain. It represented the official closing of the big-game hunting season and to it were invited only those personally approved by Generalissimo Franco. The honor of invitation was great and the famous names of Spain had traveled from many distant places to assemble here in the gray morning.

Already long rows of horses and mules stood with attendants, saddle bags bursting with food, ammunition, rifles, chairs and miscellaneous equipment. Among fruit-laden orange trees, strangely tropical against the jagged gray mountain background, hundreds of native boys scurried about. Hunters in colorful costumes of deeply embossed leather, suedes and felts were everywhere—91 of them in all with their chauffeurs and more than 350 hunt servants—filling the courtyard with excitement and expectancy.

The dog-tenders stood amidst their *rehals* of multi-ancestored dogs, each

animal collared in the color of its owner, each wearing the small brass bell peculiar to its service. The *podencueros*, clad in thick leather chaps and shabby cord jackets, joked among themselves as they rolled yellow paper cigarets and fingered the large shell horns with which they called their packs. Together they waited for the signal which would send them ahead of the *arriadas* up the mountains to beginning points at which, later, they would release the dogs.

Nearby, in patient rows, the *secretarios* and assistants rechecked mule loads and routes to the shooting posts. Behind them stood the donkeys, shabby and unkempt. At the end of the day they would be led, sure-footedly, to the flags indicating kills.

Suddenly, as if by signal, the voices stopped. Up the steep incline, growling in protest to the rocky road, sped the three official hunt jeeps of the Spanish government.

From running boards and backdrops red-bereted soldiers of the Personal Guard leaped to the ground and waited at attention. Throughout the crowd hands were raised in salute. From the second jeep, a small, somewhat stocky hunter emerged in a swirl of tweed cape and leather accessory, looked once about the crowd, removed his hat and began shaking the dozens of proffered hands about him. Maids and waiters from the kitchens and dining rooms of the palace slipped noiselessly to the balcony for a glimpse of their Generalissimo. Small donkey-boys bent to see between the legs of the hunters.

The General waved his hand to those on the outside and moved to greet at greater length the Minister of Agriculture, official director of the state forest



BEFORE HUNT: Virginia Kraft, General Franco (center) and Minister Cavestany.

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GENERAL FRANCO'S ARMADA, with the Generalissimo, his two personal guards and Minister of Agriculture Caventary in the lead, returns from successful hunt.

DOGS AND TENDERS (center) gather before hunt begins. Animals are trained to recognize and obey wide range of signals blown by *podengueros* on *caracols*, which are traditional Spanish hunting horns of shell.



AT THE POST SITE, reached after more than two hours' climb by muleback up narrow, rocky mountain trails, SI Reporter Kraft looks across panoramic expanse of Sierra Morena. Mule's makeshift blanket-saddle bulges with food, folding chair and assorted hunt equipment.



FLEEING DEER, driven out from heavy brush by barking dogs, leaps across clearing and into view of shooter who withholds fire. Does and spikehorns, in the *Montería* as in much of U.S., are not legal game but provide gunners with many anxious moments.



GUN AT READY, Miss Kraft follows escape path of hastily-sighted bear into the thick undergrowth of slope opposite position. Elusive animal failed to reappear after a tense wait.

continued on next page



FRANCO HUNT

continued

BURDENED BURROS carry dead gazes into gathering place at Palace of Lugar Nuevo where *secretaries* inspect white tags identifying shooters. Leg joints of animals are cracked for easier handling by donkey tenders who also field-dress trophies before bringing them down from mountains.

DISCUSSING THE KILL. Generalissimo Franco chats with fellow hunters who gather in courtyard after *Monferin* to examine 82 bucks and 34 boars shot earlier. Biggest trophy among many 16- and 18-point heads was 28-point stag. Hunting area used in *Monferin* will not be opened for three years.



FRANCO HUNT

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on which the shoot was taking place. Within five minutes, each old friend had received a welcome and each new hunter had been presented.

Then from the center of the group Generalissimo Franco offered a prayer for the souls of dead hunters and success and safety in the shoot. Around him, with bowed heads, the hunters joined him in asking *La Virgen* for her protection and good wishes. At his side an official shouted, "*Viva la Virgen.*" In one voice the crowd replied: "*Viva!*" The *Mosteria* had officially begun.

In rapid movement gunners rushed to their appointed mule lines, mounted, shouted last-minute *avertis* to fellow shooters and began the long climb to the posts. I was carried along with the throng, which moved as fast as the rapid flow of Spanish about me. In the distance I could see the General astride his horse, moving toward the post from which he would shoot.

Soon each *arreada* was alone, wending its way between brush and rock, along drops of many hundreds of feet and over narrow slate-filled streams. From high on an upper path, tiny insectlike figures could be seen below, each seeking his appointed post.

"Where is the General's post?" I called in very poor Spanish to Antonio, the boy who would be my *secretario* for the hunt.

"Far," he answered, bending around the head of the mule he was leading.

"What do you mean far?"

"Far from the other *mosterias*." He made a motion with his hand, indicating that the General's post would be well out of range of accidental fire. In each of five *arreadas*, there were about 20 individual posts, widely spaced to reduce as much as possible the danger of injury to the hunters from ricochets or misdirected shots.

Ahead, portions of our line began to drop off toward individual posts. By late morning we had found our destination and preparations were made for the actual shooting which would begin at noon. The male keepers unloaded their animals and departed for several central areas out of range of gunfire. The *secretario* dashed about chopping branches and brush for construction of the post. We loaded rifles, set up shooting chairs, hastily ate from paper packages of ham and chicken and strong Spanish cheese.

As noon approached, all activity ceased. There was silence across the mountains. The *secretario* crouched

behind our chairs, hands close to ammunition. His ears and eyes were trained to the smallest disturbance in the brush. We listened for the first barks of the dog packs which would mean the shooting was about to begin.

Then it was noon. As the hands on many watches came together, the mountains erupted with clamorous and mingled sounds. More than 20 packs of dogs broke through the brush and ran in seeming frenzy through the thick foliage. Their barking echoed across the valleys. Behind the dogs came the *potenquerros*, armed with ancient muzzle-loaders. With each explosion of their *trabucos*, a mushroom of white smoke rose from the short barrels and drifted skyward. Between discharges they shouted loud calls at the dogs, each other and the game.

ON THE RUN

"Over there," my partner whispered. "You can see the dogs coming through. Any minute you'll see game."

I fingered my rifle and followed the rapid movement through the brush. I couldn't get used to the noise. My ears rang from the multiple explosions of the *trabucos*.

"Look!" my partner half shouted. He flipped the safety off his rifle. I did the same. In front of the dogs, leaping and crashing through the brush, raced several terrified animals. They changed direction, veering toward our post.

"*Hembras*," the *secretario* said. Does. They ran right at us, barely missing the post. Behind them, three more broke loudly through the bushes, scattered and disappeared behind rock boulders.

On the slope of the mountain opposite we could see the dogs move past our post area and into range of the next. Momentarily there was relief from the pandemonium. We checked on safeties, lit cigars and counted . . . seven does, no bucks.

Behind us the *secretario* raised his head and listened. Then, with a finger, he pointed to a ridge some 60 yards away. We moved around, facing the ridge. A moment passed, two, three. The silence was loud after the noise. The ridge remained bare. The boy continued to point.

Suddenly, with one movement, an animal cleared the ridge. "*Hembra*," the boy said aloud. He too was disappointed. The doe passed within a few feet of us and disappeared over a hill behind. Eight does, still not a shot.

Then came the sharp crack of a nearby rifle. A second shot, a third.

"*Muerte*," Antonio mumbled.

"The next post," my partner, José, commented.

From around the mountain the faint sounds of barking and calling moved farther and farther away. The *potenquerros* had passed five, six, maybe seven posts distant.

"Good," José remarked. "Now you must be on guard. The does will run in front of the dogs, blindly. But not the old bucks. The big ones, the time-winded ones, do not survive to 18 and 20 points by seeing recklessly before their pursuers. They are clever. They move instead stealthily through the ranks of the dogs. It is now, when the noise has passed, that they think they are safe."

THE SHUDDER OF A BRANCH

Antonio continued to crouch behind our chairs. He did not look over the five feet of brush which sheltered the post. His thin body was motionless, his eyes half closed. Even the wind seemed reluctant to stir his tattered clothing. Suddenly his head shot up. He opened his eyes and with a single change of expression indicated a point to our right. We swung quietly and peered in the direction he had signaled. There was nothing visible but six-foot clusters of mountain brush and low, jagged rock. Antonio did not move.

"*Mira*," His lips formed the word, "*Jaballe*."

Near the gray rock, a branch shuddered, then moved to one side. Between it and the rock, a black figure emerged. The boar moved slowly. It had not scented us. Little piglike feet took deliberate, thoughtful steps. It had escaped the dogs and was seeking a place to rest. Directly toward us it came, 50, then 45 yards away. Antonio raised his hand to delay an impatient shot. Closer and closer the boar picked its way. Soon it would have the scent. Antonio waited—calm—then dropped his hand. The Holland & Holland .300 Magnum shattered the stillness. The boar raised its head, lowered it, raised it again, with one movement swung its clumsy body sideways, lunging toward the nearby brush. Two yards from where it had first scented us, it dropped heavily to the rocky ground, rolled, righted itself and fell a last time.

"*Bueno*," Antonio grinned at me.

With glasses we surveyed the kill. Two hundred pounds, perhaps more. My partner turned to look at Antonio. He had shot with the boy before and knew his service well. Still, he had to study once more the simple peasant face. For probably the 50th time, he

continued on next page



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left unanswered the mystery of the boy's hearing which had detected the sound of the animal's silent coming minutes before it was visible. Antonio's face was immobile. The boy had again returned his senses to the woods and rocks about him.

Nearby, another rifle sent its charge into the brush.

"What do you think it was?" I asked José. Three more shots, rapidly.

"Could be bear or buck," he whispered. "Be ready. There must have been more than one. He probably got the first one, but maybe not the second."

DEATH OF A BUCK

From the left came the sound of crashing brush. Then silence. Then again, the crack of breaking twigs and branches. In one great leap, a heavy-antlered buck cleared the ridge some 40 yards away and fell before there was time to set its image in the sights. Behind it, in a single movement, five dogs leaped from the undergrowth upon the dying animal. Then there was nothing visible but the slow swaying of green foliage.

I scanned the area in which the six animals had disappeared.

"You won't see them for a while," my partner chuckled. "The podencos are claiming their reward. They'll eat until they're full, then leave the bones."

From the bushes we could hear the angry growls as the dogs fought each other for prime parts. After 20 minutes or so they slunk quietly away. Only antlers and hooves were left to tell the man in the next post the story of his kill. This, unavoidably, was sometimes the order of the *Montería*.

Antonio, as if reminded by the dogs' feast, passed us sandwiches from the saddle bags. We drank from bottles of cold wine, droplets of moisture running through our fingers.

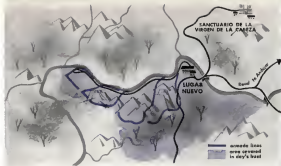
"What would have happened if the dogs hadn't gotten that buck?"

"It would have come at us," José answered, "and we would have shot it."

"But whose trophy would it have been?"

"Ah," he smiled. "That is the interesting question. In the *Montería*, we have a rule. The first hunter to draw blood claims the trophy. Even the tiniest flesh wound makes the game his, regardless of who fires the death shot."

"That buck was as good as dead



THE HUNT AREA COVERED 35 SQUARE MILES IN SPAIN'S SIERRA MORENA MOUNTAINS

when we saw it," I commented. "But with a tiny flesh nick it might have passed several posts before being dropped. Who could ever decide which hunter had drawn first blood?"

"It's very simple. When we stop shooting for the day, the hunter goes to the spot where he marked his flesh shot," José explained. "He looks for blood. Then he follows the trail of blood, no matter how slight, as far as it goes. Eventually it will lead to a dead animal, if the animal was later shot. When the hunter finds the dead game, he goes to the post from which he believes the death shot was fired. When he reaches the post, he says in his most polite and pleasant manner to the hunter inside: 'My friend, I believe you did me the service of killing an animal which I had previously blooded.' The hunter in the post then replies, 'Good day, my friend. And what animal is that to which you refer?' The first hunter points to the animal he has just tracked and with great pride proclaims it his own.

"At this point," José continued, "the second hunter generally bows deeply and surpasses the first in courtesy. 'I am certainly pleased, my good friend,' he will say, 'to have the privilege of showing you my prize trophy. But what makes you think that it was first blooded by you? It would please me indeed to know that such a fine animal was yours, but I am afraid that you are mistaken.'

"Thereupon much conversation ensues." José lit a cigaret. "After perhaps an hour or two of debate, all very polite and pleasant, you understand, the two hunters walk to the place where the dead animal rests and the first hunter points out the tiny trail of

blood. Usually they retrace the steps of the first hunter back to the original point before one or the other concedes defeat."

"In other words," I laughed, "the situation isn't really very different here than in any part of the world."

"Not really, except that in Spain it takes about three times as long to settle the question."

"Señor," Antonio broke into our conversation. "Venado."

Some 80 yards across, halfway down the side of the opposite mountain, a form moved slowly between the bushes. I raised the Holland & Holland to be ready when the game was clearly revealed. The animal moved cautiously, unaware of the post ahead. Seconds passed like hours as the form approached. Antonio's eyes and ears, as always, were accurate. As the shape moved closer, we could see the antler points of its giant head.

STRAIGHT FOR THE POST

Suddenly a roar tumbled across the distance between post and animal. I jumped, startled at the unexpected noise. The spot in the sights disappeared. Leaping many feet ahead, the buck galloped in terror before the dog which had charged around the mountain after it. Next to me there was a shot. The buck continued to lunge forward. A second shot. The animal crashed toward the post, seemingly unharmful. It was too close to fire again. Then it dropped with an audible thud, less than 20 feet from where we were stationed.

José leveled his Winchester at the fallen animal and waited. I could feel my heart beating. The single dog, still

continued on next page

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barking, charged the dropped buck. Antonio shouted and the dog turned and trotted slowly back in the direction from which it had come. José lowered the Winchester.

"Heart shot," he said. "There won't be need for the grace shot. It was dead before it fell."

In the distance, a low bleating sound ranged across the mountains. The conch horns of the *podenguerras* were calling the scattered dogs. It was 4 o'clock and the hunt was over. Crossing the hill, from whatever had been the day's sanctuary, we could see the outlines of the mule boys leading their beasts to the posts. They sang in soft voices as they walked toward us.

Antonio moved about rapidly, packing saddle bags, gathering equipment. Before the mules reached us the post was bare. On the antlers of the dead buck and on the tusks of the boar he placed small white flags bearing our names and post number. He put his fingers around the width of the antler and nodded to himself. We could see he approved.

TIRIED MEN AND HUNTER'S LUCK

The sun was low as we again approached the courtyard. Most of the gunners had already returned and stood in small groups discussing the day's shooting. Generalissimo Franco and his party were still in the halls, and counts and dukes and generals speculated on what his luck had been. When his group was finally visible against the backdrop of mountain, we could see that he was smiling. As they approached, the word passed through the crowd. The Generalissimo had gotten two bucks, good ones, and a boar.

It was night before the last of the game was brought in from the brush. Cigaretts made tiny lanterns in the courtyard as the total bag was counted. Eighty-two bucks, thirty-four boar. Tired men departed to eat dinner and drink wine and talk for endless hours of guns and game and hunter's luck.

In the moonlight the courtyard of the Palace of Lugar Nuevo presented a strange picture. The noise of the day was over. A breeze, as quiet as the night, moved noiselessly among the dead animals, whispering a mournful dirge. The white light of the moon touched first an antler, then the ivory of a tusk. The shadows of many pointed trophies cast weird images across the courtyard. The season had ended in Spain.

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8,676 clear, blue lakes

9.—Walter Darré, 32, 14.—drawn by Alex 39.—John Young—Dolfin Nares, 26, 27.—By Fagin, 4, 1.—Woolley 3, 4.—L. F. Bisher, Ground Glah from 1934, 1935.—Tom Nares, 28, 29.—John Linn, 30, 31.—1932.—New Zealand—Emperors Expedition 1934, World Council received 35.—Glasgow, London 35.—U. F. 44.—1944.—45.—Glasgow 46.—47.—48.—49.—50.—51.—52.—53.—54.—55.—56.—57.—58.—59.—60.—61.—62.—63.—64.—65.—66.—67.—68.—69.—70.—71.—72.—73.—74.—75.—76.—77.—78.—79.—80.—81.—82.—83.—84.—85.—86.—87.—88.—89.—90.—91.—92.—93.—94.—95.—96.—97.—98.—99.—100.—101.—102.—103.—104.—105.—106.—107.—108.—109.—110.—111.—112.—113.—114.—115.—116.—117.—118.—119.—120.—121.—122.—123.—124.—125.—126.—127.—128.—129.—130.—131.—132.—133.—134.—135.—136.—137.—138.—139.—140.—141.—142.—143.—144.—145.—146.—147.—148.—149.—150.—151.—152.—153.—154.—155.—156.—157.—158.—159.—160.—161.—162.—163.—164.—165.—166.—167.—168.—169.—170.—171.—172.—173.—174.—175.—176.—177.—178.—179.—180.—181.—182.—183.—184.—185.—186.—187.—188.—189.—190.—191.—192.—193.—194.—195.—196.—197.—198.—199.—200.—201.—202.—203.—204.—205.—206.—207.—208.—209.—210.—211.—212.—213.—214.—215.—216.—217.—218.—219.—220.—221.—222.—223.—224.—225.—226.—227.—228.—229.—230.—231.—232.—233.—234.—235.—236.—237.—238.—239.—240.—241.—242.—243.—244.—245.—246.—247.—248.—249.—250.—251.—252.—253.—254.—255.—256.—257.—258.—259.—260.—261.—262.—263.—264.—265.—266.—267.—268.—269.—270.—271.—272.—273.—274.—275.—276.—277.—278.—279.—280.—281.—282.—283.—284.—285.—286.—287.—288.—289.—290.—291.—292.—293.—294.—295.—296.—297.—298.—299.—300.—301.—302.—303.—304.—305.—306.—307.—308.—309.—310.—311.—312.—313.—314.—315.—316.—317.—318.—319.—320.—321.—322.—323.—324.—325.—326.—327.—328.—329.—330.—331.—332.—333.—334.—335.—336.—337.—338.—339.—340.—341.—342.—343.—344.—345.—346.—347.—348.—349.—350.—351.—352.—353.—354.—355.—356.—357.—358.—359.—360.—361.—362.—363.—364.—365.—366.—367.—368.—369.—370.—371.—372.—373.—374.—375.—376.—377.—378.—379.—380.—381.—382.—383.—384.—385.—386.—387.—388.—389.—390.—391.—392.—393.—394.—395.—396.—397.—398.—399.—400.—401.—402.—403.—404.—405.—406.—407.—408.—409.—410.—411.—412.—413.—414.—415.—416.—417.—418.—419.—420.—421.—422.—423.—424.—425.—426.—427.—428.—429.—430.—431.—432.—433.—434.—435.—436.—437.—438.—439.—440.—441.—442.—443.—444.—445.—446.—447.—448.—449.—450.—451.—452.—453.—454.—455.—456.—457.—458.—459.—460.—461.—462.—463.—464.—465.—466.—467.—468.—469.—470.—471.—472.—473.—474.—475.—476.—477.—478.—479.—480.—481.—482.—483.—484.—485.—486.—487.—488.—489.—490.—491.—492.—493.—494.—495.—496.—497.—498.—499.—500.—501.—502.—503.—504.—505.—506.—507.—508.—509.—510.—511.—512.—513.—514.—515.—516.—517.—518.—519.—520.—521.—522.—523.—524.—525.—526.—527.—528.—529.—530.—531.—532.—533.—534.—535.—536.—537.—538.—539.—540.—541.—542.—543.—544.—545.—546.—547.—548.—549.—550.—551.—552.—553.—554.—555.—556.—557.—558.—559.—560.—561.—562.—563.—564.—565.—566.—567.—568.—569.—570.—571.—572.—573.—574.—575.—576.—577.—578.—579.—580.—581.—582.—583.—584.—585.—586.—587.—588.—589.—590.—591.—592.—593.—594.—595.—596.—597.—598.—599.—600.—601.—602.—603.—604.—605.—606.—607.—608.—609.—610.—611.—612.—613.—614.—615.—616.—617.—618.—619.—620.—621.—622.—623.—624.—625.—626.—627.—628.—629.—630.—631.—632.—633.—634.—635.—636.—637.—638.—639.—640.—641.—642.—643.—644.—645.—646.—647.—648.—649.—650.—651.—652.—653.—654.—655.—656.—657.—658.—659.—660.—661.—662.—663.—664.—665.—666.—667.—668.—669.—670.—671.—672.—673.—674.—675.—676.—677.—678.—679.—680.—681.—682.—683.—684.—685.—686.—687.—688.—689.—690.—691.—692.—693.—694.—695.—696.—697.—698.—699.—700.—701.—702.—703.—704.—705.—706.—707.—708.—709.—710.—711.—712.—713.—714.—715.—716.—717.—718.—719.—720.—721.—722.—723.—724.—725.—726.—727.—728.—729.—730.—731.—732.—733.—734.—735.—736.—737.—738.—739.—740.—741.—742.—743.—744.—745.—746.—747.—748.—749.—750.—751.—752.—753.—754.—755.—756.—757.—758.—759.—760.—761.—762.—763.—764.—765.—766.—767.—768.—769.—770.—771.—772.—773.—774.—775.—776.—777.—778.—779.—780.—781.—782.—783.—784.—785.—786.—787.—788.—789.—790.—791.—792.—793.—794.—795.—796.—797.—798.—799.—800.—801.—802.—803.—804.—805.—806.—807.—808.—809.—810.—811.—812.—813.—814.—815.—816.—817.—818.—819.—820.—821.—822.—823.—824.—825.—826.—827.—828.—829.—830.—831.—832.—833.—834.—835.—836.—837.—838.—839.—840.—841.—842.—843.—844.—845.—846.—847.—848.—849.—850.—851.—852.—853.—854.—855.—856.—857.—858.—859.—860.—861.—862.—863.—864.—865.—866.—867.—868.—869.—870.—871.—872.—873.—874.—875.—876.—877.—878.—879.—880.—881.—882.—883.—884.—885.—886.—887.—888.—889.—890.—891.—892.—893.—894.—895.—896.—897.—898.—899.—900.—901.—902.—903.—904.—905.—906.—907.—908.—909.—910.—911.—912.—913.—914.—915.—916.—917.—918.—919.—920.—921.—922.—923.—924.—925.—926.—927.—928.—929.—930.—931.—932.—933.—934.—935.—936.—937.—938.—939.—940.—941.—942.—943.—944.—945.—946.—947.—948.—949.—950.—951.—952.—953.—954.—955.—956.—957.—958.—959.—960.—961.—962.—963.—964.—965.—966.—967.—968.—969.—970.—971.—972.—973.—974.—975.—976.—977.—978.—979.—980.—981.—982.—983.—984.—985.—986.—987.—988.—989.—990.—991.—992.—993.—994.—995.—996.—997.—998.—999.—1000.—1001.—1002.—1003.—1004.—1005.—1006.—1007.—1008.—1009.—1010.—1011.—1012.—1013.—1014.—1015.—1016.—1017.—1018.—1019.—1020.—1021.—1022.—1023.—1024.—1025.—1026.—1027.—1028.—1029.—1030.—1031.—1032.—1033.—1

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STRETCH SPORT in Texas Relays distance medley carries Oklahoma A&M's Sture Landqvist to one-yard decision over pacesetter Al Frame of Kansas in record 10:00.3.

THE RELAYS!

continued from page 19

precise pacing or rating of the runner. It is run around one or two curves, which brings in racing tactics (unless the event is run in lanes, an unhappily common practice nowadays). Multiply this fine race four times—which is what the one-mile relay is—and you have, for the relay fan, the ultimate in running: a slam-bang race all the way over a fairly long distance.

In the longer relays, those in which individual legs of a half-mile or longer are run, it is not at all uncommon for a previously unheralded runner to suddenly find within himself a large and potent store of hitherto unrealized ability.

For example, at the Drake Relays in 1952, Wes Santee, then a little known University of Kansas sophomore, was sent off 40 yards behind Georgetown's Joe LaPierre—who later that year won the ICAA mile championship—on the final leg of the grueling four-mile relay. He ran a brilliant 4:07.5-mile leg, much faster than he had ever run the mile before, and caught LaPierre in the stretch to give Kansas first place and

a new American collegiate record. The next day in the distance medley he started his anchor leg even farther behind, trailing Michigan State's Jim Keplford, but once again ground the margin down and down and caught Keplford on the last backstretch, this time turning in a 4:07.4 effort to give Kansas another victory and a meet record.

No track fan who saw the then obscure Santee burst upon the American track-and-field scene that weekend will ever forget it. Nor, if he can help it, will he ever miss another relay carnival.

Nor will they who watched the Penn Relays in 1937, 1938 and 1939 forget John Woodruff, the very tall and graceful half-miler from the University of Pittsburgh who had won the 1936 Olympic 800 meters. Woodruff, challenged really to prove his greatness, responded by sparking seven Pitt relay teams to victory in those three years, running brilliant legs at distances from 220 to 880 yards. Around Franklin Field they still talk about Woodruff in tones of awe.

Franklin Field is on the awe-inspiring side to begin with, because it is the birthplace of modern relay running. It all started in 1895 when Frank B. Ellis, chairman of Pennsylvania's track committee, was looking around for a suitable event to mark the dedication of the school's newly built stadium—Franklin Field. He recalled that two years earlier, during his senior year at Penn, his school and Princeton had engaged in a one-mile relay race in

RELAYS YET TO COME

DATE	RELAY	PLACE
April 25-30	Penn	Philadelphia
April 29-30	Gryke	Des Moines
May 7	Vancouver	Vancouver B.C.
May 14	World Coast	Fresno Calif
May 14	Big Ten	Evanston Ill
May 20	Coliseum	San Angeles
May 21	California	Modesto

which four runners from each school each ran a quarter of a mile. That race in turn had been an outgrowth of intramural relay races held at Penn.

Ellis and others arranged a series of relay races to take place on Saturday afternoon, April 20, 1895. A total of 64 competitors from eight colleges, six prep schools and two high schools took part. Eight two-team races were run with Harvard beating Penn in the mile-relay feature in 3:34.4.

In succeeding years the relay idea grew. In 1908 the Olympics adopted relay racing, and in 1910 Drake University followed suit. At Drake's first meet, run in a snow storm, a chilled group of 82 competitors were barely outnumbered by a crowd of 100. But in succeeding years the Drake Relays flourished and by the 1920s were rivaling Penn. Since then the two have stood side by side as twin titans of the relay world, competing once in a while for some of the better teams but for the most part content to rest on prized laurels. Even on its transition, its size and its age; Drake on its parade, its bands, its Relays Queen and its slightly better records over the years.

But when all is said and done, those in charge at both Penn and Drake will agree that the key man at either meet this year is, as always, that skinny little kid running the second leg of the high school medley. He is what relay racing is all about: competition. **END**



ANCIENT O'BRIEN

This undraped fellow, who looks like a forward passer caught with his pants down, is actually dressed for the sport in which he is competing. He is an athlete of the late fifth century putting a stone, and he is preserved in Etruscan bronze at the museum of Bologna, Italy.

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Sport & Vacation Carnival

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YESTERDAY

BUNION DERBY

Promoter C. C. Pyle staged one of the zaniest events in sports history



DAPPER PYLE HAD MADE A FORTUNE PROMOTING RED GRANGE

ONE of the strangest bands of athletes ever assembled toed the mark in Los Angeles on March 4, 1928, and at the bark of the starter's pistol began jogging for Madison Square Garden, N.Y., 3,422 miles away. The 275 contestants, attired in a quaint assortment of track suits, ranged in age from 16 to 63. There were marathon runners, physical culture faddists and assorted screwballs in the field, all vying for the \$48,500 in cash prizes offered by Charles C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle, promoter of the transcontinental pant.

Pyle was the P. T. Barnum of sports promotion and looked the part. A sharp dresser, he sported a cane and usually wore a derby and spats. He first came into prominence by persuading Red Grange to turn pro. As Red's manager, Pyle made a fortune, later increased it by promoting a tennis tour starring Suzanne Lenglen and Vincent Richards. Then came his grandiose idea of staging a transcontinental marathon. "It will be the greatest free show ever offered the American public," Pyle enthused. "The runners will go through hundreds of towns, each of which will be assessed for advertising. Thousands will flock to these towns to see the runners. We'll sell



THE WEARY SURVIVORS of the Bunion Derby as they looked when they reached New York after 84 days on the road. The winner was Andrew Payne, No. 43 (extreme left).

them programs and tickets to our traveling side show."

The sideshow included a five-legged pig, a fire-eater, a wrestling bear, a tattoo artist and the mummified cadaver of an Oklahoma outlaw. Pyle led the motor caravan in a \$25,000 bus equipped with a portable radio station so that the public could be informed each night where the runners were and how they ranked. Red Grange rode with Pyle. The man scoring the best elapsed time between coasts was to get the \$25,000 first-prize money; the rest of the purse would be split among the next nine finishers.

The Bunion Derby struggled on, across California's Mojave Desert, through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and north to Illinois, by which time the field had dwindled to 70. Few people showed interest in the drab and weary hoofers. The sideshow was a flop; the programs didn't sell. One town, however, showed unexpected interest: at Conway, Mo., Pyle's bus was egged by the citizens for the promoter's refusal to make the town a control point. Faced with mounting expenses and meager gate receipts, Pyle could not meet the ferry fee at one river crossing and the troupe had to make a 20-mile detour. He nourished his runners with a couple of sandwiches a day and distributed 35-cent moral tickets. The exhausted band plodded on through Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

On May 26 the 55 survivors stumbled into Madison Square Garden, where some 4,000 persons, mostly in on passes, applauded Winner Andrew Payne, a 19-year-old

Oklahoma Indian. It had taken him 84 days to cover the distance in the running time of 573 hours, 4 minutes and 34 seconds—about a 16-hour lead over second-place John Salo of Passaic, N.J.

The prize money was held up for a week, but it was finally handed out by Tex Rickard, fronting for Pyle. So ended one of sport's greatest financial flops—an estimated loss of \$150,000 to Promoter Pyle.



RED GRANGE VIEWED RUNNERS FROM PYLE'S LUXURIOUS BUS



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No matter what kind of a product you're buying, you know you're right when you buy a good brand. You know the manufacturer will stand behind it because his reputation is at stake. You can depend on a good brand.

The more good brands you know, the fewer buying mistakes you'll make. Get acquainted with the good brands in these pages and get more value for your shopping money.

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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

April 29 through May 8

FRIDAY, APRIL 29

Baseball

- Chicago vs. Boston, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2-25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Chico Vejar vs. Paolo Melis, welterweights, Syracuse, N. Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Gymnastics

- AAU sr. men's and women's championships, Rochester, N. Y.

Track & Field

- Penn Relays, Philadelphia (also April 30)
- Drake Relays, Des Moines (also April 30) (CBS*)

SATURDAY, APRIL 30

Auto Racing

- Mile Mphs., Mon. Brescia, Italy
- NASCAR 200-m. race, modified & sportsman, Darlington, S. C.
- AAA midget races, Westboro, Mass. & Kansas City, Kans.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Baltimore, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:35 p.m. (CBS*)
- Brooklyn vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Count Tennis

- Albert (Jack) Johnson, U.S., vs. James Dear, England, world open finals, Queens Club, London.

Horse Racing

- Golden Gate Derby, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
- Valley Forge Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N. J.
- Swift Stakes, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N. Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)

Hunt Racing

- Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Md.
- Oak Grove meeting, Germantown, Tenn.

Indoor Polo

- NYAC vs. Squadron A, final sr. tournament final, Squadron A Armory, New York.

Rowing

- Gort Cup Regatta (Navy, Cornell, Syracuse), Annapolis, Md.
- Blackwell Cup Regatta (Columbia, Penn. State), New York
- Compton Cup Regatta (Harvard, Princeton, MIT, Wisconsin), Cambridge, Mass.

Soiling

- YRA winter dandy championship, Larchmont, N. Y.

Track & Field

- Colorado Relays, Boulder, Col.

SUNDAY, MAY 1

Auto Racing

- AAA sprint car races, Silem, Ind. & Larchmont, Pa.
- AAA stock engine race, Knoxville, Tenn.

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Mähring (Germany) No. 1 vs. German-American League Stars, Randall's Is., N. Y.

Track

- AAU 50 kids walk, Baltimore.

MONDAY, MAY 2

Baseball

- Detroit vs. New York, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- Archie Moore vs. Neno Valdez, heavyweights, Las Vegas, Nev. (15 rds.)
- Ronnie Delaney vs. Virgil Akum, welterweights, St. Nick's, N. Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (Da Mute)
- Carmelo Costa vs. Tony Park, lightweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N. Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*)

Soiling

- International Race Week, Bermuda

TUESDAY, MAY 3

Auto Racing

- AAA midget race, Thompson, Conn.

Baseball

- Detroit vs. Boston, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Racing

- Derby Trial, \$30,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Churchill Downs, Ky.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4

Baseball

- New York Giants vs. Chicago Cubs, Polo Grounds, N. Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Golf

- Colonial National Invitation, Fort Worth, Texas.

Horse Racing

- Acorn Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont Pk., N. Y.

Rowing

- Patuxent Regatta, Rowing Cup, Washington, D.C.

Trophieswinging

- Western Grand American, Reno, Nev.

THURSDAY, MAY 5

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. St. Louis, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

- AAU national sr. tournament, Kansas City.
- Keeney Tenn vs. Memo Diaz, for California flyweight title, Hollywood (12 rds.).

FRIDAY, MAY 6

Boxing

- Tommy Jackson vs. Harold Johnson, heavyweights, Philadelphia (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

- Kentucky Oaks, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Churchill Downs, Ky.

SATURDAY, MAY 7

Auto Racing

- AAA midget race, Hatfield, Pa.

Baseball

- Cleveland vs. Kansas City, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS-TV; Mutual radio*)

Boxing

- AAU men's jr. championships, Cleveland.

Gymnastics

- AAU men's jr. championships, New Haven, Conn.

Horse Racing

- Kentucky Derby, \$125,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Churchill Downs, Ky., 5:15 p.m. (CBS)
- Reuben Handicap, \$75,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N. Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)
- Golden Gate Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.
- Delaware Valley Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N. J.

Hunt Racing

- Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Va.

Rowing

- Adams Cup Regatta (Harvard, Navy, Penn), Cambridge, Mass.

Soiling

- Owen Trophy (Ivy League-Servic championship), Cambridge, Mass.

Track & Field

- AAU Jr. Olympics, San Diego (to May 17)
- U. of Miami Invitational Mile, Coral Gables, Fla.
- Vancouver Relays, Vancouver, B. C.

SUNDAY, MAY 8

Auto Racing

- Sports car rally, Bakerfield, Calif.

Baseball

- New York vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, N. Y., 2:00 p.m. (Mutual*)

Track

- Boardwalk Mile, Atlantic City, N. J.

*See local listing

THAT REMINISCENT FLAVOR

Sirs:

Believe me when I say that the three Southern gentlemen who spoke their piece on your April 11 cover are not typical of our attitude towards the colored race or our opinions on sports. The flavor of their thoughts is reminiscent of electioneering in Mississippi hamlets. You may have offended custom, such as it is, but you're on the winning side again—this time the right one!

JOE ATTLES

Birmingham, Ala.

I, A TRUE SOUTHERNER

Sirs:

I am embarrassed beyond words and infuriated to the point of battle, concerning those letters from the good Americans in Tennessee, Louisiana and Texas who thought your cover was "racial propaganda" and "an insult to white women."

As background, allow me to state that I am a native North Carolinian. I lived for 21 years in the same South as these caustic readers, attended an all-white school, rode in the front of the buses, ate and went where I pleased. My ancestors fought on the same side in the Civil War as did theirs, and they got the same tar beat out of them just like all the rest. I, a true Southerner who has lived in New York less than two years, am still admiring what I think is one of the most democratic typically sportsmanlike covers ever printed.

Willie Mays is an American baseball player first, last and always. He waves no flags, he stirs no trouble, his teammates like him, he has no axes to grind. He is the personification of liberty, initiative, democracy and fair play. Willie is a top-notch baseball player; his only discriminations are against opposing pitchers, his only philosophy is to play good, clean baseball.

NORMAN W. PORE

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

THOSE NEGATIVE REACTIONS

Sirs:

After reading the letters of Messrs. F. M. Odum, E. F. Webb, T. B. Kelso and A. C. Dunn in THE 19TH HOLE (SI, April 25), I was shocked to see that such strong negative reactions to SI's April 11 cover should prevail in this great democratic country of ours. I would like to point out to the authors how warmly the essence of their letters would be received in Moscow, Russia.

I am quite sure that when SI printed the cover there was no intention of South-baiting, recollecting the Civil War, insulting any women or spreading racial propaganda on the part of the editors, as these gentlemen claimed. As a matter of fact, the sooner the authors of these letters and people with similar feelings realize that they are wrong the better off the United States will be in the eyes of the peoples of the world who we are trying to win over to our side in the battle against Communism.

A. P. L. KNOTT JR.

New Haven

COMMON SENSE

Sirs:

I have never written to a magazine before, but I consider it my duty to do so at this time. I was disgusted at the letters concerning the cover of Willie Mays and Mrs. Leo Durocher. I may be only 15 years old but I have more common sense than any adult with those ideas.

STEVE KRAIBLER

Long Beach, N.Y.

WHAT KIND OF SPORTS?

Sirs:

Referring to the letters to the editor from Messrs. Odum, Webb, and Kelso and Dunn, concerning your cover of Willie Mays, Leo Durocher and Lamine Day.

To be putting it mildly, the aforementioned people are narrow-minded and absolutely poor sports on their criticism of that particular cover. I come from the South myself, and where I come from that sort of letter would be considered completely unfair. I doubt if any one of these people are more model citizens than Willie Mays and they'll have to come a long way to be as successful as he has been under the odds that he's had to face. I think that those people could do well to apologize if they are any kind of sports at all.

ROBERT M. YOUNG

Putnam, Conn.

VERBAL CONVULSIONS

Sirs:

I wish the postal regulations would permit me to address a few words to Messrs. Webb, Odum and Kelso; however, the issue on which they saw fit to deliver their little verbal convulsions won't be an issue too much longer, and thus is nothing on which to waste my needless prose.

BETSY WRIGHT

Muncie, Ind.

MORE POWER TO YOU ALL

Sirs:

I, for one, would like to venture an opinion that SI's cover was an excellent example of candid photography, and see nothing insulting, unsportsmanlike, or affectionate, for that matter, in it.

So I say, more power to you all and your sporting magazine. In the variety of items which you cover, and the unprejudiced way in which this is accomplished, maybe it will bring to the more sporting population a feeling of comradeship and good will. It seems we have more than our share of ill feeling in this world of ours today.

J. BULGER

Norristown, Pa.

HIGH PRAISE

Sirs:

When I first saw SI's April 4 issue I at once sent a telegram of congratulations.

Since that time I have also read with interest the report Herb Wind did with respect to this year's tournament. Both of these stories were done in such a fashion that I wish to compliment not only the author but also the others of your organization. I don't believe I have ever known an instance when a tournament story caused such a great deal of favorable comment.

Both Bob Jones and I feel that the first article deserves to be classified as the best thing of its kind that has ever been done in connection with a golf tournament. Needless to say, both of us are quite happy that the tournament which is sponsored by this club should be singled out for such high praise.

CLIFFORD ROBERTS

Chairman, Executive Committee

Augusta National Golf Course

Augusta, Ga.

continued on next page



ONE QUESTION

Sirs: Your fine pictures and article about Bobby Jones's dream course and the Masters made me feel as if I'd played there. As an ardent golfer, I am bothered by one question about the course: Why isn't the par the same on both No. 10 and No. 13 holes, since they are 470 yards long?

GILBERT M. WARREN

Madison, Wis.

● No. 10, a par four, runs downhill all the way, with the green visible from the tee. The par five, No. 13, a very tricky hole indeed, is a slightly uphill dog-leg, with a stream and a formidable trap guarding the green.—ED.

WHAT IS HE SIGNALING?

Sirs: What kind of ball is Catcher-Cowboy Bill Lobe calling for on your April 18 cover? Never have I seen a signal (note Lobe's left hand) like that.

BILL WILSON

San Mateo, Calif.

● That's no signal. Lobe, like many a regular catcher, keeps one finger on the outside for better glove control.—ED.

OPTIMISM

Sirs: ... Thought maybe Lobe was keeping his fingers crossed in hopes that Cleveland will win the pennant again this year.

PHIL GAUTHIER
Adams County Free Press

Corning, Iowa

WHERE WERE HER FEATS?

Sirs: David Richardson's article *On to Australia* (SI, April 4), did not mention the feats of America's javelin champion, Karen Anderson. This girl's story is one of the best to come out of the Pan-American Games, as she only began to throw the javelin last summer.

With only five weeks' instruction by Boo

Murcon, former New Hampshire track great and Assistant Track Coach at the University of Pennsylvania, Karen was the National AAU outdoor champion at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania with a toss of 127 feet one inch. In Mexico, Karen threw the javelin a hefty 161' 11" in a new Pan-American record.

Only 16 years old, Karen needs only 6 feet to break the Olympic record. We feel she will do it in the Olympic Games in Australia.

Wm. DEAN BUFFINGTON

Lansdowne, Pa.

LAMES THE NATIONAL SPORT BUT ...

Sirs:

I read Mr. Kane's story, *The Amateur Don't Grow* (SI, April 18), through to the end. I found it clear and concise, yet comprehensive. It is certainly the best thing that has been published about amateur wrestling in a long time.

Because we Americans are the kind of people we are, wrestling will never become the national sport, yet it does deserve a better place in our schools and colleges for the tremendous good it is doing and can do for men and boys.

If these parents to whom Mr. Kane refers as refusing their sons permission to take part in the sport could be brought to read this article, I am sure it would have great influence in changing their decision. I have the feeling that many of them obtain their education in that line from what comes to them by TV.

It might surprise you to know that most of the grant-and-growers you see on your screen would much prefer to be wrestling on the level and to stick to straight wrestling. But promoters have found out that most fans do not want the real thing but an act. I speak from personal experience, having been both a wrestler and a promoter.

THOMPSON CLAYTON
Director of Athletics
Gallaudet College

Washington, D. C.

ONE EASY LESSON

Sirs:

This is the first real article on amateur wrestling that I have ever seen come out in a national widely read publication. In my opinion the article has been very well prepared by Mr. Kane. It is short, concise and to the point—no beating around the bush—it's a quick course in "how to understand amateur wrestling in one easy lesson." It certainly should serve as an eye opener for the "channel changing" public if they'll only take time to read it. Still there will be those who will scoff at "only" nine minutes of wrestling—"Why, only last night Ollie the Ogre and Vernon the Vermin wrestled one hour to a draw." ...

ALDEN H. BURNHAM
University of Delaware

Newark, Del.

SO I SIMMERED HIM DOWN

Sirs:

Late yesterday evening the telephone rang with that persistent raucousness Long Distance uses as a signal in this village. I took down the receiver.

"Mother!" It was the excited voice of my 17-year-old son calling from St. Andrew's School, Swannoe, Tenn. "I know this is expensive, but I had to let you know right away. . . I just came from the book-

store, and I was looking at a magazine, a real sports magazine, and plastered all over the bottom of two pages are pictures of Sam, my brother Sam, in wrestling holds. I got the mag right here in my hand. Mother, you just got to see them."

I simmered him down a little and said, "I want to see the pictures. Tell me the name of the magazine that has them."

He did. And then he said, "Mother, I wish you'd read the story. It's the best stuff I ever read on amateur wrestling. It's just what we have been trying to tell you all along, but we just couldn't make you see. It's a real fine story."

I drove to Deland, bought the last copy available at the magazine shop and turned to SI's article, *The Amateur Don't Grow*. I enjoyed the action drawings of my son Sam, and I agree on the story. It made sense to me and came near explaining for the first time why two of our boys chose wrestling teams as their energy outlet and pleasure.

Though Tom wrestles on high school varsity at St. Andrew's and Sam wrestles on varsity at Columbia U., I've never seen a match. The few boys I've had to see on TV seemed raw and seemed listless. So thank you for making me see what the amateur sport represents—

HELENEA BRICE

Orange City, Fla.

NO. 17

Sirs:

It was welcome news to read that we \$2 betters are in for a better break when we go racing in the future. But if racing is supposed to be the No. 1 paid spectator sport in America, shouldn't the attendance figure be closer to 30 million instead of three million?

F. H. VON STADE

Columbus, Ohio

● Yes, it should have been 30 million. Our proofreader has taken off his blinkers.—ED.

A TRUE PHOTOGRAPHER

Sirs:

In the April 11 issue of SI I read of the death of Camilla Kuffer, better known as Ylla. She was a truly good photographer.

Would you please list the 12 books written by her?

NORMAN VANDERBEEK

Woodburn, Ohio

● Harper & Brothers brought out Ylla's *Two Little Bears; Animals in Africa; Cats; Dogs; They All Run It; The Sleepy Little Lion; Tico-Teco; and The Duck. Animals* was published by Hastings House; *Big and Little Animals* by Scribner; and *Dogs by Farrar, Straus*. Two books appeared in England only. Ylla's *Animals (Methuen)* and Ylla's illustrations for Julian Huxley's *Animal Language* (Country Life Press).—ED.

YOU ADDED INSULT TO INJURY

Sirs:

I, for one, do not consider 52 words in your March 21st SCORPION section to be sufficient coverage of the 200-mile American Motorcycle Association national championship race at Daytona Beach,



KAREN ANDERSON

Florida. Adding insult to injury, SI, April 4 features two pages on "Motorcyclists Choose Their New Queen," which is completely irrelevant to the more interesting and vital story of the races themselves.

As a personal friend of Bradley Andres, the new national champion and record-holder from San Diego, I urge you to correct this oversight. Perhaps this background information will help.

Brad is 19 years old, which makes him the youngest expert motorcycle champion in history. All his previous racing experiences are in the novice and in the amateur classes, in which he won numerous honors. The AMA 200-mile national event was his first major race as an "expert" rider, however. And, he not only won the race but did it by riding his Harley-Davidson to a new record of 94.57 mph against men with years more experience. Furthermore, Brad is a personable, intelligent young man who is serious about his future, as attested to by the fact that he enrolled at San Diego Junior College.

As a Californian, I take pride in the fact that all three of the winners of the first three places were residents of this state—Jimmy Phillips of South Pasadena, who finished second to Brad Andres; and Johnny Gibson of Duarte, who finished third.

Please do not consider this to be a commendation of your fine publication. I realize that an editor's lot is not an easy one. As a regular reader of SI, I have enjoyed many of your fine articles. My main concern in writing, however, is to give credit where credit is due to Brad Andres, the new 200-mile motorcycling champion.

H. J. SIEGLE

San Diego, Calif.



WINNER ANDRES, PHILLIPS AND GIBSON

OBTAIN YOUR LICENSE HERE

Sirs:

I have a real beef: too many people read SI in general and 197th hole in particular! Some weeks ago I gave a Barcrest Driver's License to Pete Hollis of Cooperstown, N.Y., which he sent to you for forwarding to Barcrest Driver Branch Riskey. You promptly printed it in 197th hole, March 28 and what happened? Poor old Hollis has been buried with a flood of letters from people all over the U.S.A. wanting a similar license. Citizens from North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois and Texas, among others, have written in for the license and a couple of letters have even asked the price per hundred. Hollis got tired of handling the volume of mail and has turned it over to me. After all, he says, I started it all.

I'm game to oblige the good people who

want them, provided they enclose \$6 for postage and envelopes. Come and get them.

REX HUNMAN

Oneonta, N.Y.

THOSE FASCINATING LITTLE HOUNDS

Sirs:

On behalf of basset hound lovers everywhere I would like to congratulate you on the very fine pictures and article, *The Teckbury Foot Bassets* (SI, March 14).

I should like to point out that basset hounds are definitely a different type dog—once you own one of these fascinating little hounds no other member of the canine kingdom will satisfy you as a pet, companion, hunter and general allround pal.

Once again, thank you for publishing the excellent article on the Teckbury Foot Bassets as well as the interesting and informative article on the Westminster Dog Show (SI, Feb. 14).

RUTH M. TURNER

Secretary,

The Basset Hound Club of

Northern California

West Sacramento, Calif.

OUTBOARD RACING COMPETITION

Sirs:

Having just returned from Florida, I am very pleased to note your coverage of the St. Petersburg outboard race (SI, March 21). Championship class outboard racing is all too often overlooked by the press. It is nevertheless of genuine public interest, since it features the fastest equipment, the most experienced drivers, and is open to all makes of motors.

Congratulations to SI for giving a well-merited publicity break to a grand old (some of the drivers are of the third generation) sport.

For the record, however, it should be noted that any competition between Bud Wiget and myself "Wiget and Tenney battle it out for Southern outboard honors." "We'll have to continue to feud with Tenney next year," he (Wiget) grinned. "I was not quite of the order denoted by your article. Bud will be the first to acknowledge that the writer was in fact overall winner at the St. Petersburg regatta . . .

and the record shows that the writer was overall high point winner at Laholm, Lake Alfred and Punta Gorda.

Credit should have been given to Doug Creech, Mabry Edwards, Bob Cramer and other drivers who beat the writer more often and more thoroughly, with equal class equipment, than the single heat victory which the record shows for Bud.

Heartiest congratulations are due to Bud Wiget, however, for a fine showing in breaking the Class F Hydro competition record at St. Petersburg and the Class C Service Runabout record at Laholm, and for winning the Col. Green Star Island Trophy for the greatest number of points amassed in any one class in the Grapefruit Circuit, in this case in Class C Service Runabouts.

Thanks again to SI for running such a fine article on what to many of us is the finest sport of all.

W. L. TENNEY

Vandalia, Ohio

KOREAN BOY

Sirs:

I have just received the April 4th issue. I think the chapter from the book *Korean Boy* is one of the best stories I have ever read.

JONATHAN LEHMAN

Great Neck, N.Y.

PLUG FOR A FRIEND

Sirs:

Being able to consider myself one of the charter subscribers to SI, I would like to put in a plug for that heartwarming short story, *My Friend, My Playmate*.

Plenty of human interest here—keep them coming.

GEORGE A. SANFORD

Winthrop, Mass.

MOVING

Sirs:

Enjoy all your stories but especially *My Friend, My Playmate*. It is really a most moving and heartwarming story to read.

MARGARET COLE

Philadelphia



A. K. Krumpholtz

PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines



A TENDERFOOT TRIUMPHS

Ed Crowley (center, flanked by Texas Oilmen Gordon Guiberson and Clint Murchison) is a Los Angeles hotel manager far better known for his golf (he plays often with Bing Crosby) than his shooting. But while tramping the countryside with his two cronies at Murchison's Mexican hideaway near Tampico, Crowley came upon a mountain lion Murchison's dogs had treed. The other two, experienced hunters, gave Crowley a 12-gauge shotgun and he dispatched the 110-pound cat like a veteran.



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